NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

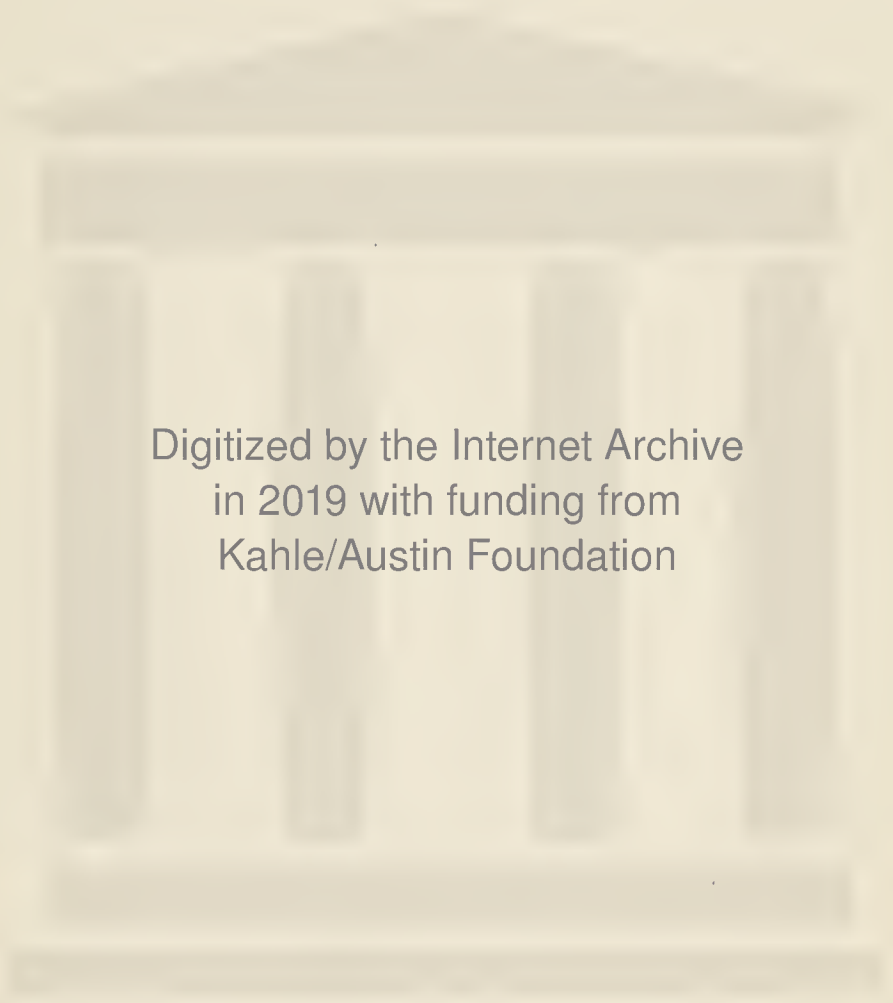
TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

Miss Mary Burnham

THE VISION *and* LIBER VERITATIS

This edition is limited
to 750 *copies*



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/visionliberverit0000beck

WILLIAM BECKFORD

aet. 9 *or* 10

by Nathaniel Dance, R.A.

31-4166

THE VISION
LIBER VERITATIS

BY

WILLIAM BECKFORD
of
FONTHILL

Edited
with an Introduction and Notes by
GUY CHAPMAN

Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, for
CONSTABLE AND COMPANY LIMITED LONDON
&
RICHARD R. SMITH INC. NEW YORK
1930

PUBLISHED BY
Constable & Company Limited
London W.C. 2

•

BOMBAY
CALCUTTA MADRAS
LEIPZIG
Oxford University
Press

•

TORONTO
The Macmillan Company
of Canada, Limited

•

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PR4091.V5 1930

CONTENTS

PREFACE	*page* ix
INTRODUCTION TO "THE VISION"	xi
INTRODUCTION TO "LIBER VERITATIS"	xv
THE VISION	1
LIBER VERITATIS	89
EDITOR'S NOTES	147

26533

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM BECKFORD. *aet.* 9 or 10 — *Frontispiece*
by Nathaniel Dance, R.A.
by the courtesy of Messrs Knoedler.

MRS BECKFORD ("THE BEGUM") — *facing p.* 3
by Benjamin West, P.R.A. *c.* 1790.
Fonthill house is seen in the background.
by the courtesy of F. B. Clark, Esq., of the Brook Club, New York City, and Messrs Tooth Bros., King Street, St James's.

BECKFORD'S VILLA AT MONTSERRAT — „ *p.* 22
from a lithograph after the Rev. James Bulwer, 1828.

A PAGE FROM THE MS. OF "LIBER VERITATIS" — „ *p.* 142

PREFACE

THE *Vision* and *Liber Veritatis* are two hitherto unpublished manuscripts of William Beckford, which have lain untouched among the Beckford Papers since the pious hands of Susan Euphemia (Beckford), tenth duchess of Hamilton, folded them up after her father's death in 1844. The first is Beckford's earliest literary exercise; the second, his last: fifty years of life, part vagabond, part monastic, lie between them. *The Vision* is the overflowing of a youthful, romantic, vigorous spirit: the *Liber Veritatis* the captious nagging of a disappointed, vain, but still unflagging energy. In the introduction to the *Liber Veritatis*, I have had perforce to retell certain passages in Beckford's life, since, as always, the author's attitude hinges very definitely on his personal history; but, since this partial recapitulation develops an aspect of Beckford's life very different from those dealt with in my introduction to *The Travel Diaries*, besides offering a certain number of new facts, I feel less hesitation than I otherwise should. Further, I am glad to take the opportunity to correct one or two of some half-dozen errors that crept into my brief summary of Beckford's life in *The Travel Diaries*.

I wish to offer my sincere thanks to Mr Henry M. Paton of the Historical Department of the General Register House in Edinburgh for his able transcription of the MS. of *The Vision*; and also to Mrs Janet Macmaster for her excellent transcription and collation of the many roughly scribbled notes and

scarcely legible sheets that make up the *Liber Veritatis*, thus making it possible to present it as some kind of connected whole.

I have so far as is possible identified in the notes to the *Liber Veritatis* the persons at whom Beckford tilts; these notes I have cut down to the relevant facts, since in most cases the *D.N.B.* or the *G.E.C. Peerage* deals with the subjects in full. The others save that, from the author's point of view, they betrayed their blood, have no claim to notice. A few I have had regretfully to let slide back into the obscurity from which the energetic Caliph attempted to drag them.

GUY CHAPMAN

26th May 1929

INTRODUCTION TO "THE VISION"

LITTLE requires to be said of the fragment, which I have provisionally named *The Vision.* The manuscript is a fair copy written in a folio exercise book, and marked, "Written about the end of 1777." This date puts its place of birth in Switzerland, probably at Thun, during Beckford's period of education there, the autumn of 1777—June, 1778, when, with the Rev. John Lettice, his tutor, he was the guest of Col. Hamilton.

It is almost incontestably the manuscript referred to in his letter to Alexander Cozens, dated 24th Nov. (1777), when he writes: "I have but a very scanty portion of my time to write my Centrical (?) History, so numerous are my Acquaintance, most of them—Heaven knows—how different from us!*" On the 25th December, the manuscript, or part of it, was obviously in Cozens' hands, for Beckford wrote: "You ought to be extremely cautious to whom you show the long Story, for certain I am the greatest number of readers would despise, ridicule or make neither head nor Tail of it. They would probably exclaim—what can these high flown descriptions of Grottos and Glittering Forms and Beings and Bramins mean! and the Dwarfs too—a charming set of little Fellows who to use a Newmarket expression are literally got down in the Devil's Ditch and nowhere.

* *Melville*, p. 40.

"All that concerns the Sanctuary is too *solemn* and *sacred* to be prophaned. The subject is very grave and serious. When I reflect that you see and feel the Scenes and the actions I describe, their being concealed from eyes in general does not at all concern me. It is to you then that I deliver up my work, and it is in your Bosom that I deposite it. . . . Your approbation is to me the approbation of a Multitude. It is all I desire and all I seek for venturing to commit to writing the inspirations of my Fancy, those pleasing Dreams in which perhaps consist the happiest moments of the life of W. B.*"

One further reference occurs. It is a long rhapsody, probably addressed to Cozens, dated nearly a year later from Fonthill, the 4th December, 1778, "being the full of the Moon." It is too long to be quoted in full†: but it is a crystallization, rather than a précis, of *The Vision*, and written much in the same mood. Viewing his future, Beckford writes: "I should be too happy could I remain all Winter under the dominion of these Sovereigns," (i.e. "my Reason and my fancy") "lapt in the silence and the solitude they both so peculiarly esteem; but I must return again to London, again be teized with Visits and dull impertinent Society, again suffer the encroachments of Fashion and crouch beneath the influence of solemn Idleness and approved Dissipation. But no, this is too terrifying a prospect. I will break my shackles however splendid and maintain my Allegiance. I will seclude myself if possible from the World, in the midst of the Empire, and converse many hours every day with you, Moisasour‡ and Nouronihar."

* *Melville*, p. 41.
† The complete document is printed in *Melville*, pp. 60–66.
‡ *Melville* (p. 65) transcribes "Mesron."

Whether the manuscript was ever completed it is impossible to determine, but since the last few pages are transcribed on both sides of the paper, whereas the earlier ones are on the recto page only, it may be hazarded that the transcriber was trying to get the whole as it existed into one book.

Whatever may be the literary value of *The Vision*, it is indeed an astonishing performance for a lad of seventeen, displaying already evidence of the burning imagination that devised the Halls of Eblis. It is the overflow of the long, intensive education, which began almost as soon as Beckford could speak, and continued without interruption until his twentieth year, if it can be said to have ceased then, for he was ever abominably industrious up to the last days of his life. Speaking as he did at seventeen French and Italian (he acquired Portuguese, Spanish and German later), with a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit, his reading had embraced not only the classical authors, but also the writings of the Romantic Movement, which in 1777 had firmly fixed itself on the imagination of Europe. Ossian had captured him, and "my favorite," the melancholy Gray. With these, with Dante and Ariosto, with volumes on northern mythology, on travels in China, India and Mexico, with the *Arabian Nights* and other Oriental tales, which undoubtedly the mysterious Alexander Cozens furnished to him surreptitiously in defiance of his guardians' veto, he had more than enough to inflame his active mind. These and the mountains ("Were I not to go to the mountains, I should die") inspired him.

It is not, I conceive, of great moment to discover the exact sources from which the youthful Beckford derived his tale. Such exercises, while of deep

importance in the case of a Shakespeare or a Keats, in that of a Beckford are of little save pedantic interest.

One may, however, notice in this exercise certain foreshadowings of the future: in the name Nouronihar, though the bearer is a very different figure from the unscrupulous little consort of Vathek; in the dwarfs, though the author has not yet acquired the ironical touch with which he portrays those ineffably tedious little beings in his later fantasy; in the paradisical groves and pastures of this magic land, the first sketches for the Mountain of the Four Fountains, the oases of Fakreddin, and the flowery meadows of Rocnabad; and, last, in the trials of the narrator, some hint of the fate of those destined to walk the Halls of Eblis.

Except for minor alterations of punctuation necessary to the sense, and the insertion of inverted commas, the manuscript is printed as written.

INTRODUCTION TO "LIBER VERITATIS"

BECKFORD'S *Liber Veritatis*, which is frequently mentioned by those who knew him at the end of his life, is a crystallization of its progenitor's character in an aspect not at all apparent in any of his other writings, but which, nevertheless, was so much part and parcel of his whole make-up that it cannot be neglected. It is, moreover, a curious sidelight into one of the angles of our social history, the passing of the great landed aristocracy of the eighteenth century and its gradual merge into the new industrial plutocracy of the nineteenth.

The *Liber Veritatis* is the child of an obsession. Beckford's public political activities (at least as concerns the House of Commons, of which he was a member for over twenty years) are negligible. Lord Shelburne made a gloomy journey from Wilton to Fonthill on the occasion of Beckford's coming-of-age celebrations in September, 1781—he hated fêtes—for the sole purpose of binding the young man strongly to the remnants of the Chatham, his traditional party; and in that party Beckford appears to have remained until he finally resigned his seat in 1820. "Mon métier à moi, c'est d'être royaliste," might well have come from his lips. His private activities, however, are a very different matter, and they went on until only half a dozen years or so before his death. If there was one thing for which he hankered even more than for books or furniture or music, it was a peerage. Once he was within an ace of it; fate snatched it from his grasp; and from that day the

lost barony became an *idée fixe*, for which he intrigued, worked and plagued his friends and his relatives almost to the day of his death.

He had been born with an ample supply of family pride, a quick apprehension of the rights of "blood": and this trait showed itself at a very early age. The Beckfords, it is true, had no history; their first known ancestor was a tailor of Maidenhead, who emerges from the obscurity of the past towards the middle of the seventeenth century: but they were a bustling stock, and the family's social advancement marched side by side with its financial progress. Beckford's grandfather married into a colonial family of not despicable antecedents. The next generation aimed higher. One of his uncles, Francis, married a daughter of the duke of Ancaster; an aunt, Elizabeth, married Lord Effingham*; while his father, the Lord Mayor, after an irregular connection, which provided him with a number of illegitimate children, at length took as lawful wife a daughter of the sixth earl of Abercorn, collateral of the dukes of Hamilton, and descended through three lines from Edward III. Maria Hamilton (or Marsh—she was a widow) was as proud of her descent as any child of Irish kings, and this pride she instilled into her son from the beginning. Many years later, when he was plaguing the College of Arms to disentangle the purest escutcheons in his ancestry, wherewith to decorate the halls of Fonthill Abbey, the Caliph half derisively owned that this tenderness for his lineage had possessed him from his earliest childhood. "I remember an old gentleman of the name of Bolland talking frequently and very morally upon the sad vicissitudes of human affairs exemplified in the case of

* In my introduction to *The Travel Diaries*, I inadvertently spoke of her as the sister of Beckford's mother.

Margery Madock, an unfortunate ancestress, for I think he claimed relationship through the line; and half in joke, half in earnest, used to rally me in the presence of both my parents upon my great-great-great-grandfather, the shoe-maker. As no small passion of family pride seemed to have been infused into me with the blood of the Hamiltons, I by no means relished the thought of this plebeian descent. In order to increase the little store of infantine petulance which appeared highly diverting to my father and his venerable acquaintance, hints were thrown out of another ancestor, my great-grandfather's maternal grandfather, John Woodward*."

In view of this confession, it is not surprising that his tutor at the same moment was writing: "he begins already to think of being the master of a great fortune....I am apprehensive that both his father and mother, contrary to their desires and inclinations, may hurt him by indulgence."

The apprehensions were justified. When, after three years of foreign travel and London seasons, Beckford at last consented to interest himself in his appointed career, which of necessity was in the political field, his first step was towards promotion. He had no intention towards dulling his faculties in the routine of the House of Commons; his temperament, he believed, was too delicate a flower to survive in that arid wilderness. "Which way can I turn?" he had dramatically demanded of Lady Hamilton in 1781. "Public affairs I dare not plunge into. My health is far too wavering. Whilst I write, my hand trembles like that of a paralytic Chinese. Strange colours swim before my eyes and sounds keep ringing in my ears for which I can hardly account....For ambitious spirits this is not the time

* *Beckford Papers*; to Sir Isaac Heard; 5th Feb. 1807.

to shrink out of the way. Dangers and difficulties are their pavements. But I no longer feel myself bold enough to tread such monsters under foot. Once upon a time I fancied myself filled with ambition. I looked this morning and could not find a grain*."

So, when in 1783 he came to pursue his destiny, it was with none of his father's adventurous energy that he took his seat. Hindon, his particular pocket borough, was occupied by "Taffy" Kenyon, one of Lord Thurlow's aides-de-camp, and rather than embarrass so powerful a friend, Beckford stood for Wells. He was elected and took the oath in the Commons on 12th February.

At once he began to pester the Lord Chancellor, whom he had so much obliged by his forbearance over Hindon, for his elevation to the peerage. Lord Thurlow was surprised, and at first put Beckford off, but by the middle of 1784, Beckford had pulled the strings to such effect that he had the promise of a barony—not, be it noted, a beggarly Irish title serviceable enough to fob off the weak, but the English barony of Beckford of Fonthill with a seat in the House of Lords. The news-sheets were already publishing his name as one of the happy dozen who were to receive their sovereign's reward for their services, when the first damning paragraphs of the Powderham scandal were published. Two days later the patent for the barony was cancelled.

There is no necessity to discuss in this place the question of Beckford's innocence. The cumulative evidence points to his having been nothing worse than romantically foolish to an almost incredible degree, so that he left himself no alternative save retirement from the world.

* *Beckford Papers* (*Melville*, pp. 100–101); 28th Jan. 1781.

From 1785* to the end of 1789 Beckford was an exile. It was not until the death of Lord Courtenay in the latter year that Beckford felt himself free to return to his native country. Even so he was considered rash by his advisers; but, in spite of the gloomy predictions of his solicitor, Thomas Wildman, no overt attack was offered. Nevertheless he was not made welcome; society shunned him; and he was driven to realize that if he was ever to reinstate himself and win his elusive coronet, he must be more than merely Beckford of Fonthill, the reputed richest private gentleman in England. On the advice of his half-sister, he toyed with the idea of a second marriage; and negotiations were indeed opened (Redding states) for the hand of Lady Caroline S——†; but the affair did not develop. Rumour was possibly still too busy with the suitor's name. In the end he shook his head. "Don't imagine I shall suffer myself to be led to the Galloway‡ market. I am not matrimonially disposed...unless some Spanish or Portuguese Donna leads me by the light of her eyes to the altar....You know what an effect the *languid sweetness* of fine eyes has upon me§."

Disheartened, he sought relief on the continent. During the next five years he spent no more than a few months at Fonthill. From the end of 1791 to May, 1793, many towns and cities in France and Switzerland, some of them dangerous to Englishmen, knew him; Paris, Evian, Lausanne, Geneva, Bienne, Neuchâtel. In November, 1793, he was once again

* In *The Travel Diaries* I suggested, following the news-sheets, that Beckford fled to Switzerland in Dec. 1784. As a fact he was relegated by his family to Fonthill, where he remained until July, 1785, when he retired with his wife and child to Vevey.

† Probably Spencer, 1st dau. of 4th duke of Marlborough.

‡ I.e. the cousins of his wife.

§ *Beckford Papers*; to Mrs Hervey; 17th Jan. 1790.

in Lisbon. With his houses, his carriages and horses, the garden which he made bloom on Monserrate, the flock of sheep expressly imported from Fonthill to decorate his hillsides, with his exuberant display of piety and his patronage of St Anthony, he made such an impression on the gloomy worried Regent that, before his departure, Dom João charged him with an unofficial diplomatic mission to the English government, wherein he was asked to bear witness to Portugal's urgent necessity of assistance from English men, ships and money against the common enemy, Jacobin France. Here, at last, was Beckford's opportunity. He reached home in the spring of 1796, swelling with importance, and demanded an interview; but his reception was cold. After some months of delay, he was at length admitted to the presence of the duke of Portland. Beckford talked eagerly for an hour to the easy-going Home Secretary and felt that he had made an impression. He returned to Fonthill, fondly seeing himself ambassador to the Portuguese court. He waited to be summoned;—and nothing happened. He wrote; he sent his old tutor, Lettice, to see the duke. And still nothing happened. Beckford was furious; but he was powerless. He realized that, if he came again, it must be with a better cry than the salvation of Portugal. He would bide his time.

The second opportunity came sooner than he probably anticipated. The war with France was not popular. Its continuance on behalf of a defeated régime and a decapitated monarch made little appeal in England. In June, 1797, he saw his chance. The peace mission at Lille under Lord Malmesbury was making no progress against the impenetrability of the French. Now Beckford had been popular in Paris during the early days of the Revolution. His

hôtel had been thronged with deputies, drinking his tea, which they said allowed them *penser plus librement*. He thought therefore that of all the English, he, hospitable millionaire, would be welcome when others were despised. The embassy itself would be a fine prize, and surely nothing less than a barony would become the plenipotentiary for peace.

Accordingly he despatched his steward, Nicholas Williams, to Paris to reconnoitre the ground and to find out how acceptable citizen Beckford would be to the French government as a mediator. In the meantime, he busied himself in England with the insertion of self-laudatory articles in the reviews, insinuating that he was probably the most competent negotiator between the hostile countries, not omitting pointed references to his enemies in high places. Williams was soon in a position to report that the French hated and suspected Malmesbury and would not treat with him; and that either Beckford or Lord St Helens would be considered a suitable intermediary, but that the sum of £6000 must be found to grease the palms of the permanent officials at the French Foreign Office. He was also able to enclose a draft of the suggested terms. Unluckily for Beckford the letter was stopped at Dover and taken to the Home Office for investigation; and at the same time Williams was arrested and thrown into the Temple, little consoled by the fact that he was occupying the same cell as the late Louis XVI. His visit to Paris had, among other objects, the running down of a certain Auguste, whom Beckford had instructed some years earlier to build him furniture of the true Corinthian design and who had failed to deliver the specimens. M. Auguste, driven to the last ditch by the energetic Williams, had denounced his pursuer as a foreign spy. So in England Beckford,

without either his information or his letters, fretted. A copy sent by Williams arrived a week late; but by this time he had begun to get nervous. The Treasonable Correspondence Acts were in force; and he shivered slightly. Still, nothing venture, nothing have, and he did not shrink from the undertaking. The duke of Portland was approached and the papers laid before him. Once more there was an ominous delay. Beckford wrote again, despatched Lettice, despatched at last Williams, who had been released and had returned to England, to call on Pitt. Another delay and then a cold note from the Prime Minister to the effect that he would not trouble Mr Williams. Beckford was defeated. Pitt had played the King, the infirm but still obstinate King.

For the time, Beckford's rage knew no bounds. He stormed, he threatened, he summoned his old friend Thurlow from his retreat to put to flight the perfidious traitors to the country. Thurlow asked to see the papers, spent a month perusing them and then advised Beckford to do nothing. Daunted but obstinate, Beckford drafted a fierce letter to Pitt, threatening to publish the whole correspondence. Before despatching it he submitted it to Thurlow: and Thurlow—old Parliamentary hand—counselled its suppression. Baffled and sulky, Beckford took the advice. He returned to Portugal and spent eight months soothing himself in the amenities of a more ambiguous society.

The failure of both his diplomatic strokes had not deadened the gnawing hunger for the barony. The reappearance in England of his old friend, Sir William Hamilton, gave him a new and unlooked-for ally. Sir William, in the wake of his Emma and Lord Nelson, was nursing a grievance in the loss of his archaeological treasures in the foundering of the

Colossus. He demanded compensation of the Government to the tune of £20,000, which the Crown, reluctant as ever to recognize its obligations until the creditor has spent an equivalent in litigation, rebutted. Beckford sympathetically listened to his friend's tale, and a glorious scheme formed in his mind, a scheme at once ingenious and simple. He realized that, in spite of an agility in dancing the tarantella, Sir William was not very long for this world. He therefore suggested that his friend should drop his claim against the Government in return for a peerage, Beckford at the same time giving him £2000 a year for life and settling £500 a year on Emma after her husband's death, provided that should Sir William die without children, a very probable contingency, the title should pass to Beckford and his heirs. In addition Beckford promised that both his seats in the Commons, Hindon and Saltash, should be at the disposal of Pitt. Both Sir William and his wife fell in with the suggestion enthusiastically, and Emma set about the negotiation with her habitual self-confidence. Almost at once she met with unexpected opposition. Beckford did not despair. "In our addresses to superior Beings," he wrote, "it is quite in vain to flatter or dissemble. I cannot help therefore telling you that you have many worse things to get over than our November Fogs.... The gracious reception of the letter for the Queen and the gracious silence observed upon it ever since, are strange circumstances; but I have done wondering at anything from that quarter. Your interview with that D[undas]* holds forth some hope. I agree with you in thinking him the best of the tribe. The Ch[ancello]r† whom Sir W. fancies *his* friend and

* Henry Dundas, 1st viscount Melville.
† Baron Loughborough.

who has decidedly proved himself my Enemy, is of a colder and blacker Composition; but what Miracle the spirit of Scoticism may work even upon this dire Composition I cannot answer....We must not give up easily. If baffled one day—rise again the next and pursue your object with those omnipotent looks, words and gestures, with which Heaven has gifted you*."

Matters remained at a standstill for some months, but in the next year (1801) Pitt resigned, to make way for that "minister of mildest meaning," Addington. The new minister certainly seemed more pliable; and in July, 1802, the allies attacked again, Beckford again offering to put both his seats in the House of Commons at the disposal of the minister. Sir William, on the advice of Nelson, engaged himself to procure the influence of the duke of Hamilton, and his heir, Douglas†, in the enterprise; but for some reason the relatives hung back. Lack of adequate support took the sting out of the attack, and the death a year later of Sir William put an end to the campaign,—and it may be added to Beckford's affection for "that lovely and generous minded Being," his widow.

Though he had played his trumps, Beckford still had a card or so in his hand. His colossal abbey at Fonthill, which had been slowly rising since 1796, the whispered vices, with which he was popularly credited, the strange luxury of his life, had all gained for him a notoriety; and now his daughters were growing up. Both were handsome, charming and intelligent, with dowries rumoured of vast proportions; for the world did not yet know that the

* *Melville*, p. 282, 24th Nov. 1800.

† Douglas was Alexander Hamilton, one of Beckford's boyhood friends.

affectionate Mr Wildman had pocketed a creditable part of the Caliph's wealth, that West India trade was getting worse and worse, that two rich plantations in Jamaica had, by failure of title, fallen into the hands of strangers, and that these losses, coupled with his extraordinary expenditure at Fonthill, had taken the cream and half the milk out of Beckford's fortune. By 1805 both girls were of marriageable age. They appeared in London closely guarded by Lady Ann Hamilton, a sister of the marquess of Douglas, distant prizes to tempt only the boldest suitors. Still such suitors, provided they were of suitable rank and birth, were not discouraged; and several made essay—until they discovered that the happy bridegroom of a daughter of Fonthill was expected not only to receive his father-in-law into his own house and to reintroduce him into good society, but also to undertake the even harder task of procuring him the lost patent of barony. The marquess of Douglas appeared to be favoured, but a matter of £20,000, which the marquess required "to settle some affair," stood between the high contracting parties. However, having made a fool of himself as the British representative at Petersburg, and later become an even more conspicuous object by running round Poland after an "old battered beauty," the countess Potocka, he decided to mend his affairs, and on 26th April, 1810, Beckford was made entirely happy by the marriage of his younger daughter to the future head of the house of Hamilton.

It only remained now to find a peer of the marquess of Douglas—if such existed—for his elder daughter, but Margaret Maria was refractory. She had formed an attachment for a Colonel James Orde, who, although of good Northumberland family, was,

in her father's eyes, hopelessly ineligible, since he had neither wealth nor power to further his schemes. All intercourse was forbidden, and the girl strongly guarded by Lady Ann Hamilton. Everything seemed safe, until one morning in May, 1812, Beckford received a frantic note from Lady Ann, enclosing a letter from his daughter, left, as is usual in these cases, on the dressing table, which informed him that by the time he received it her name would no longer be Beckford, but Orde. "*OH! OH! OH!*" scribbled the outraged father on the envelope. Nothing, he vowed, would ever induce him to forgive his ungrateful child. For six years he kept his oath. Poverty, the birth of children, a husband on foreign service, moved him not at all. It was not until 1818, when Margaret Orde lay dying, that he at last consented to a reconciliation*, and even went to the length of backing his son-in-law's paper and having the children at Fonthill.

By now he had almost abandoned hope of his wrongs being righted. He sought consolation by visiting Paris in 1819 to busy himself over the revival and recognition of the Châtelhérault dukedom in his son-in-law.

A year later his financial collapse became imminent; but the sale of Fonthill in 1822 actually saved him. Freed of his debts and his mortgages, he was able to settle down in Bath, to build himself the Lansdown Tower and to dwell once more upon his chances of noble rank. Discouraged as he was in the hopes of his peerage, he still continued to snatch at straws. When his daughter, now duchess of Hamilton, wrote to him begging him to increase his allowance to her sister's children, his obsession drove him to a refusal, except on the terms of the barony. He

* This is correct and not as stated in *The Travel Diaries*.

pointed out that General Orde was seeking to console the widowhood of Lady Elizabeth O'Brien, a daughter of the duke of Beaufort. If the duke could succeed in obtaining for Beckford the long lost barony, the Caliph would do "même l'impossible" for his grandchildren and their father; but should he fail, and further application be made for financial assistance—"Jamais—Enfant ni père trouveront acces auprès de moi pendant ma vie, ni le moindre soulagement testamentaire après ma mort*."

At last he realized that time had gone past him, that the face of England had changed. All unperceived by him in his solitude, the Industrial Revolution had been spreading like some morbid fungus over the country, and with it a new aristocracy had sprung up. In 1829 appeared two volumes entitled *The Annual Peerage of the British Empire*, by Edmund Lodge, Norroy king of arms, assisted by the Misses A., E. and Maria Innes. Beckford sent for a copy and found that his worst forebodings were indeed too true. Families of completely unknown origin had been raised to the hierarchy denied to himself, vulgar demiurges of the industrial Eblis, wool-spinners, cotton-spinners, iron-masters, merchant bankers had swept over the sacred threshold and had installed themselves in the fairest seats; and—what to his way of thinking was far worse—those ancient families which should have defended the trust of their blood had surrendered without a blow to the barbarian invaders, nay, had not shrunk from uniting themselves by the ties of marriage to the cavaliers of industry. Side by side with this rout had come a press of persons of lowly birth, who had not even the claims of wealth to urge their pretensions; medical men, for example, these squirting apothecaries, had achieved

* *Beckford Papers* undated, but obviously 1825 or 1826.

knighthoods and baronetcies; stars of the stage, who in nobler days would have been taken to bed without priestly sanction, were now graced with the coronet matrimonial. And here they all were, decked out with their new or refurbished titles, the Peels, the Burrells, the Webbs, the Bonnels, the Pleydell-Bouveries, the ineffable Couttses, people who were serfs when Hamilton was a prince. Above all, there were the Smithsons, who had acquired by marriage and deed-poll the noble name of Percy, the Smithsons, the SMITHSONS, dukes of Northumberland, ambassadors to France, and sons of *APOTHECARIES!* It was not to be borne. He wrote to his friend Beltz, Lancaster Herald, desiring him to send down to Lansdown the genealogy of Northumberland (3rd creation), and docketed it triumphantly with the superscription "DUKE SMITHSON."

Then he sat down and, on odd scraps of paper, composed his *Liber Veritatis*, which should put these upstarts in their place. He smelled at pedigrees; he nosed out dead scandals; he re-interpreted old genealogies; he sat in conference with Mr Beltz, and chuckled over his malicious rakings. But he would not publish. "Every syllable is true," he averred, "but I must not publish. Truth is a bitter draught." Perhaps the fate of Sir Egerton Brydges deterred him. Perhaps the consideration of another misfortune prevented this highly necessary publication. For Mr Burke had just produced a work on the great commoners of England in which the Caliph figured, not alas! as a Hamilton, but as a Beckford with the misty origins of the family exposed to the sneers of the vulgar. The printing of the *Liber Veritatis* became doubly impossible.

In 1837 a new sovereign appeared, the fifth he had seen. Though he knew it was a forlorn hope, he

appealed, a little self-consciously maybe, to his son-in-law, the duke of Hamilton, to assist him to the crowning mercy. He even indited a semi-humorous "aperçu de ce qu'on doit dire à ces drôles," the Government. "Mettez les au pied du mur et dites, Messieurs, la paierie pour mon venerable beau-père ou je vous étrangle." Nothing happened, and one guesses that the pompous duke did not even trouble Lord Melbourne with the applicant's name.

Beckford turned back to his *Liber Veritatis*. The sands were running out, but still he was as vigorous as ever; and callers at Lansdown Crescent were permitted to listen to the Caliph's venomous denunciation of the upstarts and the traitors. One may be sure that the reading lost nothing of incisiveness by the recollection of that patent for Baron Beckford of Fonthill. As in 1844 he lay dying, he might have seen too beneath his eyes the first death throes of the old régime, the Country Party, the society of the great landlords, based on good blood and wide acres, the aristocracy of the eighteenth century.

THE VISION

MRS. BECKFORD—"THE BEGUM"

by Benjamin West, P.R.A., c. 1790

Fonthill House is seen in the background

THE VISION

MANUSCRIPT OF A ROMANCE

I HAPPENED accidentally to open my Casement: the Moon shone bright in the clear Sky illuminating the Mountains. I ſtole away silently from the gay circle of Company and passing swiftly the Garden of Flowers, the Orange trees and the Grove betwixt the House and the Rocks set my feet to some ſteps cut in their solid sides. Luckily I had mounted the hundred ſteps which lead to the firſt flat Crag of the Mountain before a dark grey Cloud fleeting from the North veiled the Moon and obscured the light which conducted me. What could I do! the ſteps were too ſteep, too precarious, too irregular, to descend in darkness; besides, tho' darkness may prevail for a moment light will soon return; I muſt not despair; so folding my arms I sat patiently on a ſtone which time had smoothed with moss.

Wayward Fortune! how many at this inſtant curse thy power, how many deprecate thy rage by patience and resignation! Of that number Heaven grant I may be such was my short prayer. A long series of thoughts crowded on my mind. I recollected paſt events. I prophesied future. I rejected my prophesies. I thought all a dream; the next moment every thing seemed real. I caſt my eyes on a glow worm which glimmered by. "Ah," cried I, "we are all Reptiles and the moſt diſtinguished of us but Glow worms."

I had almoſt forgot myself and my situation when the Moon emerged from her concealment shewing

the leafy woods and the Rocks beneath, my mind was travelling in another world of fancy and I forgot that I came to view the Lake by the azure moonlight. Rousing from my trance, and calling my ſtrength to my aſſiſtance, I clambered the Steeps, now grasping the Stump of an antiquated oak, now helping myself along by the uncertain fragments of the Mountains. "Surely my time is not yet come, surely I am reserved to fall from the precipices of the Andes or the more probable precipices of Ambition," exclaimed my vanity, when I attained a summit from whence I looked down on the dreadful rock I had surmounted, a rock that in truth I believe was never before trod, "or else I should have fallen from on high an inſtant ago and been dashed againſt the points or mangled by the hawthorns," those hawthorns I had so often admired, plants to which I had addressed a volume of nonsensical apoſtrophes to whom I have often sung in the plaintive simple Scotch measures,

> In April when primroses paint the green ground
> And summer approaching rejoices the year
> The yellow haired laddie would often times go
> To wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn trees grow.

I was much embarrassed how to get down again but I considered that I was now to think how I should get up to my point; for the lake rose not yet upon my sight. Again I paced along a rugged Goat path, hanging over a shaggy pointed promontory jutting forwards over the foreſts, dark shades enveloping their beauties, and the Moon but rarely discovering its glimmer amongſt the leaves. Now I found my path finish its course and where think you did it lead to? Not to a summit from whence an extensive landscape was to be surveyed nor to a foreſt of Pines, the natural production of a mountain, but to a gloomy dell

skirted with huge masses of rock troubled by winds that howled desolation, and torrents that flowed in narrow encumbered channels sending forth a discordant hollow murmur. When I caſt my heavy eyes upwards, no chearful object appeared to relieve them, no tree was rooted in the crevices, no shrub diversified the shaggy promontories around, nothing was seen but rocks and water; all served to abſtract it from the more chearful scenes of nature and to ſtamp it with a caſt of sublime singularity. 'Tis true the moon gleamed the faint light which discovered this scene of melancholy grandeur; but then her orb was retired from the small portion of the concave azure discernible above my head and the scanty opening that the rocks admitted off was canopied with clouds. The glances of that glorious planet gave the rough pinnacles of ſtone ſtrange fantaſtic appearances; sometimes they assumed the air of gigantic idols, sometimes obelisks and pyramids of myſterious shape and uncouth sculpture seemed to ſtand confessed around. The awful majeſty of the place bowed me down and I crept along the cold flat surface of the ſtone, fearfully approaching the torrent brink, caſting one glance and then retired shivering to the nooks of the precipices. As I crawled in one of these panics along, not venturing a look beyond my ſtony track, my eye caught a spot where the moonlight shone moſt ſtrongly, on which I thought was impressed the ſtain of blood. "Ah, 'tis too true, it muſt be this horrible valley is the temple of some accursed superſtition. Here the evil spirit brooding over man inſtigates some foul compact. These grim idols, these myſtic pyramids, this blood, the soul of some wanderer spilt as a sacrifice to fiends too plainly indicate what ceremonies are here acted. Here resort, before an hour paſt, haggard wretches aban-

doned by the mercy of Heaven, a miserable few shrinking from mankind and burying themselves in this gloom to work mischief and pour deſtruction on those who ages paſt may have offended them. Revenge, the baneful passion, is their Soul and for which they blot their names from the Book of Life and sacrifice an eternity of happiness. Hark! was not that their yell amongſt the mountain peaks on high? No; it was but the wind thro' that time worn crevice; but it was enough to chill my heart. And art thou so sunk, William! art thou reduced to the level of such as these? Is thy conscience troubled, is thy reason fled, feareſt thou the harmless guſt of air that makes mock melody amongſt the cliffs? Arise then from thy abject poſture caſt away thy feverish fancies and resume the attitude of man." I arose! the warm blood flowed again round my heart and my limbs required their accuſtomed motion. I ſternly viewed the pinnacles of rock and saw they were but pinnacles. I looked down on the red ſtain and it was but the tint of nature. The resemblence of idols, the imaginary purpose of the place, the fears of the torrent had rolled far away and left a sublime landscape rendered placid by the moon. Now I ventured to the farther end of the valley diveſted of all its terrors and ascending from chink to chink and from one projecting fragment to another set a foot on the healthy brow of the mountain top whilſt the other was suspended over the space below. The dangers I had surmounted emboldened me and I gazed at the lake, smooth as a mirror, the range of hills, mountains and peaks projecting seemingly into the waters and caſting long tracks of shadow which obscured the cultivated plains, the cities and the villages. How shall I paint the clear azure deep of air, the brilliant silver clouds tempered by modeſt

grey hovering round that orb, that world, that habitation of unknown beings, ſteering its majeſtic course along these azure plains of sky, moving by the wonderful impulse of him who fixed it in its sphere, marked out its track and bid it equally diffuse its light to the Hemispheres. Observe! how that peak brightens at its approach, see how its snows imitate the celeſtial luſtre. The long range of Alpine mountains catch the beams, they gliſten, they array their summits with the same veſture. All earth seems proud to wear the livery of the moon. The lake receives the glory, becomes a new heaven and displays another orb whose light floats amongſt the waters and quivers brilliantly on the waves. I turned my eyes from these glories finding the attraction of the moon too powerful and sat myself peaceably down on the smooth verdure of the thyme which carpeted the brow. At this very moment yon planet may be the object of thy admiration. Yes, tho' so far diſtant, we may both regard this same object. With what pleasure then did I dwell upon its sight. Yet a little while and the cares of this vile earth will rob me of these serene enjoyments. A few years the projects of ambition, the sordid schemes of intereſt and all the occupations of the world muſt seclude from such meditations. No, I will reſiſt them, I will repulse their influence if they rob me of the meridian sunshine, if I muſt waſte those hours in cabinets and councils, if the evening muſt be sacrificed to debates and to watchful consultations, ſtill they shall not rob me of the midnight moon. Then shall we walk and gather plants by her light and her soothing influence shall calm my soul. Poor Mortal! Take thy fill of these pleasures to day; for to morrow thou wilt die. Sighing this sentiment, I got up and viewed the lovely situation in which I now ſtood.

I had now attained the ſteep peak of the mountain; it was a solid rock perpendicular, sharp pointed and without a blade of vegetation. Time had made no impression on this mass nor were its sides imprinted with the leaſt mark of his power; there were no crevices, no nooks by whose aſſiſtance I could climb; every part was solid and unworn. Nature had formed it inaccessible and I was contented to let it remain above me. Level with its base on the opposite side of a horrid cleft torn probably by an earthquake, was another mountain, its rocks almoſt concealed by noble sweeps of wood, the growth of a century flourishing in the height of their perfection. The tall fir, the spreading Oak, the round headed Beach, the Walnut, the Juniper, the elegant Birch whose slender white ſtems were silvered by the beams of the moon, formed a beautiful prospect contraſted to the barren peak near which I ſtood. I could not help desiring to approach so inviting a scene and warily looked round and round and about and here and there for a place or a path, however dangerous, which might lead me to these bowers. No sooner did I approach the gloomy gulph than I retreated, no sooner did I look down the precipices than I despaired gaining the wished for shore. At laſt after anxiously pacing backwards and forwards the mountain brow, I spied a very narrow ridge about ten yards down formed of the same rock which lined the sides of the cliffs and joining the side I ſtood on to the opposite bowers like a bridge. But how shall I descend the ſteep cliff to gain this bridge? I will, I muſt. So embracing a huge ſtone and putting my feet on the tough branches of an ancient Juniper I slid down and reſted luckily on a spot overgrown with soft moss. What a variety of flowers, of shrubs, of plants has nature placed in these crevices, apparently without

soil, her accustomed inſtrument of vegetation. Art would never have dared to have planted them on so barren a foundation. Surely I ſmell the perfume of the Roſe, of the Pink, of the Honysuckle. See these; they grow their trunks and ſtems twiſted together and hanging over the ſteeps in fantaſtic garlands. Figure to yourself this narrow ridge a dangerous gulph on each side, grim, dark, horrible, itself spangled with flowers many of them unknown to me and sending forth a new smell. See me wantonly treading under foot what, if transported to England, would become the pride of our Gardens. Take your eyes off this beautiful spot and let them range along a frightful perſpective of ſteeps, of crags, of impending mountains juſt admitting the moonlight to shew my path and discover the flowers. But I muſt own I could not enjoy this delicious vegetation untainted by disagreeable sensations, the ridge was so narrow, that the leaſt false ſtep might have precipitated me to deſtruction, the very herbs and flowers I trod on, tho' all fair, might give away and put a period to my worldly exiſtence.

Behold then in my countenance a ſtrange mixture of pleasure and pain; haſte, mark on your tablets that uncertain character. See how cautiously I measure my ſteps and poise my body; see how I keep my eyes fixed on the shore and am almost ignorant of the scene on each side. Now behold me leap exultingly on a grassy bank and fix my feet in the soil. Well, give me joy. I have surmounted obſtacles that at the firſt glance, my third even, looked actually unsurmountable. I shiver at the danger I have paſt in a greater degree than at the moment I was engaged in them; 'tis well, or I should have been no more. I lay a few moments on the bank,

a gentle breeze fanned the groves, the *Gumcistus which sprouted out of the verdure on my side dropped its flowers over me. How sweet the pleasure of ease after labour; how agreeable the sensation of surmounting completely any obſtacle. Whilſt I lay indulging in this manner amongſt the vaſt wilds and uninterrupted solitudes, a thought intruded unwillingly upon me of the good people I had left at home. What will they think become of me? Their imagination will form wild beaſts to eat me up, Robbers to murder me, Rocks (as indeed was not improbable) to give way and roll me from their summits mangled at their feet. Alas! it is in vain to repent. I shall fulfil their fears were I to return and measure back my dangerous uncertain way before the morning. Heavens! how shall I descend the ſteeps, climb the precipices by this fallacious light. The ardour, the enthusiasm which has helped me on will no longer aſſiſt me in getting down. There is nothing tempting to return to a house which my vagaries have troubled. All these considerations muſt be banished for the present from my mind and I will seek comfort as I intended in these shades till the morning. Thus you see how imperfect is our happiness. In the midſt of the gratification of my moſt Romantic pleasures, these mean sorrows ſtole in and troubled my enjoyment. Rising from the bank and shaking off the flowers, I plunged into the thickets and let the cool leaves of the beech tree slap my flushed face. After continually ſtumbling over antiquated ſtumps and fallen trees, that some violence had laid low, I penetrated (the ground ſtill rising) into the dark, dark, retired recess of the foreſt and leaning

* A plant or rather shrub with large thin white, red and yellow flowers which the leaſt wind shakes off, common in English gardens. (*Beckford's note.*)

againſt the trunk of an aged towering pine exclaimed, "Where am I? By what ſtrange Impulse am I driven? For what end am I come here? Why do I fly like a miscreant from my Home and bury myself deeper and deeper in this Gloom. What a horrid Darkness juſt visible envelops this wood and fits it for shocking actions. It was to such a solitude, to such a dreary waſte that Cain fled, reeking from the murder of his brother, and what murder have I committed, what crime have I perpetrated that I should conceal myself like him from everything human? A sort of madness has hurried me here and I ſtrive in vain to reason with myself. I am not at this inſtant reasonable."

Whilst I was saying those passionate words my eye fixed itself on something that bore the semblance of a pool, fed by the snow which melts from the mountains. Into this abyss will I plunge; I will extinguish the flame of Life, I will ſtart into eternity; my curiosity shall be satisfied, I will know if....As I was moving to my deſtruction something held me back. I trembled; a cold chill froze my blood, my hair softened with a frigid sweat, my soul was shrivelled. I thought my good Angel interposed. I heard his inſtinct speak in me. "If Mercy has preserved thee from crimes muſt thou form them thyself? wilt thou work thy own ruin?" I awoke as from a trance and found myself riveted to the torn branch of the pine againſt which I ſtill leaned tho' my imagination had aped motion so ſtrangely that I could scarce distinguish the shadow from the reality. With a violent effort that extricated me from my momentary imprisonment, I disentangled my torn garment and pursued my way amongſt the foreſt almoſt in total darkness. A faint glimmer amongſt the leaves declared that I was near an opening and suddenly I

emerged to a little knowl covered with smooth verdure and encompassed by the foreſt on every side, except where a huge rock bulged forth of a bulk, a size, an immensity which exceeded all the others I had passed. Below I could diſtinguish the aweful mouth of a cavern which seemed to contain the thickeſt darkness. Its ponderous jaws were hung in fearful suspense and every moment menaced a dreadful fall. From under one of the crags gushed forth clear water tumbling and rolling its course down unseen ſteeps, till it was heard no more. Another ſtream of a more moderate kind trickled and oozed from the porous ſtone and made itself a channel along the valley bordered by a ſtately species of lilies and flag *flowers waving with the gale. Yet another ſtream flowed out of the cavern mouth black tho' clear impregnated with mineral gold. These three myſterious rivers filled my mind with wonder. The sky was free from ſtorms, unclouded and serene; no vapours except a few and those light, fleeting round the peaked summit of a monstrous rock where no herb or plant or flower ventured to grow. Below, their growth was luxuriant, cherished by an heated soil and their flowers gigantic and rampant, their odour powerful, breathing vivid spirit into the animal frame.

——It was now the hour!
The holy hour, when to the cloudless height
Of yon ſtarred concave climbs the full orb'd Moon.

A soft delusion like a descending dew ſtole on my senses and I sunk down on the grass, the scene ſtill diſtinct before my eyes, my mind in a delirium. Sounds seemed to proceed from the cavern, long protracted sounds wafted over the dark bubbling

* A larger species of the Iris than I ever saw. (*Beckford's note.*)

river, swelling peals of diſtant harmony. Soon I thought the notes of some silver toned inſtrument accompanied by an angelic voice ſtole into the porches of my ear filling me full of rapture. Now a full accord, now a majeſtic pause; now wildly warbling notes dying away amidſt the recesses of the caverns. Silence prevailed for a moment. Then a diſtant murmur in the woods, on the cliffs, on the vapours, on the waters, melody as faint as a departing miſt floated in the Æther ascending higher and higher till but a vibration remained on my ear. An universal calm succeeded for many moments till it was broken by a faint whisper issuing from the Cave. My soul was all attention, every sense on their utmoſt ſtretch: the sound increased till I could distinguish something like the human voice modulating in two different tones, one deep and faltering, the other clear, smooth and delightful as the voice I had heard before. My eye had not been much longer fixed on the cavern, before it could diſtinguish two ſtately forms emerging from the dark gloom and advancing like phantoms ſtood silently before the entrance. The talleſt wore the figure of a majeſtic sage, his hoary hair bound by a golden fillet inscribed with unknown characters, his beard waving over an ample robe of deep azure of the colour of the meridian sky and concealing his feet and arms with its folds: one hand grasped a taper rod of Gold, the other held a woman who had an imperial mien, a sublime port and a spirit in her opal eyes, a fire which I dare not describe. A mazy veſture of muslin encircled her limbs, proportioned with the moſt polished finish of delicacy: she had neither gold nor silver nor jewels, her hair was indeed braided with a row of pearls, but its luxuriance almost concealed them. I knew not what to think, nor how to fear.

I would willingly have retired, but I know not what chained me to the ground. I dreaded the glance of these beings (whatever they were) and yet I loved them. The looks of the Sage encouraged me, the woman had turned aside her *opal eyes and I lay patiently on the turf, waiting the issue of this Apparition.

"Now is the time" (said the deep voice I had before heard) "and now the hour to consult nature. In silence she discloses her wonders, her mineral powers and the juices of her plants. These herbs have now an influence on every animal, hidden from the generality of even the most careful observers. The philosopher who after the researches of many, many long years, vainly imagines the volume of nature extended before him is deceived, unless by toil, by more than European perseverance, by faſting and by meek resignation he wins the Ætherial spirits to befriend him. Then like my sacred tribe he may caſt his eye into the very bowels of a mountain, more huge than these, spy out the lurking ore, the gliſtening diamond, the mineral fraught with powerful influence on the human frame and the concealed source of mighty rivers. The compact soil, the flinty rock, the layer of binding chalk, fathoms of sand and all the barriers in which nature has studded her choicest productions, are all laid open and explored by him alone. What a glorious supremacy does this knowledge give, my emerald-eyed Nouronihar, and thou shalt partake it with me. Thou shalt not remain in vulgar ignorance unworthy of the Godlike race of which thou springeſt."

"You, who can read my inmoſt soul," answered Nouronihar, "can see it bend in acknowledgements

* Her eyes were of no determinate colour; sometimes blue, then hazel, then emerald, then black, &c.... (*Beckford's note.*)

before your inſtructions. You, kind Director of my youth, have cheered my lonely path when ſtraying in the subterraneous caverns of the Globe. By your aſſiſtance have I been supported, by your Councils have I ſuſtained the horrors I was decreed to view and prevented despair from gnawing my vitals when..."

Nouronihar could not continue, she caſt her humid eyes on the ground and then on the sage who spoke again.

"The midnight hour will shortly pass away. Therefore let us seize the moment and cull the herb on which the moon shines brighteſt. It is a plant, which in gross foul material hands might prove the inſtrument of unlawful power. The evil ones know this and snatch it with their fangs, then commit the prize to their votaries and behold them rise to the summit of ambition, work magical infatuation and cruel delusions,—delusions that mislead, embezzle the noble faculties of the soul and degrade the man to the vile brute or reptile, fill him with deſtructive passions and hurry him to situations in which he will implore the protection of the inſtigating Fiend and become subject to his power. Such is the influence of the herb, when given into the power of malignity; but when it is pointed out to those bred in our *Schools of virtue, like balm it cools the acrid spirit, the tumultuous desire and the turbulent luſt of lawless rapine. It is this herb which enlarges and expands the faculties of reason and guides the mind towards the source of all perfection, towards that ALL WISE before whom my sacred tribe fall and at whose mention their inmoſt soul glows with sensations of Love, of gratitude, of awe, too fervent for their mortal frame. In such raptures have I seen them

* The groves of the Bramins. (*Beckford's note.*)

retire to the summit of *Gehabil, and glorious was the monument of their diſſolution. Often have I ſtood when the clouds would divide and ſtream with tracks of vivid pure light ſhot from the manſions of their happineſs. Often have I returned and edified the Synod of our Sages with their parting hour."

As the Bramin ſpoke, his every action was full of inſpiration. The elegant Nouronihar, leaning againſt the rock, had concealed her face within her folding arms. She was awed, she was penetrated with the ſublime inſtructions of the ſage and remained entranced till his voice called her to gather the myſterious herb.

"Haſten, Nouronihar," cried the Bramin, "whilſt the moonbeam points out thy way. Occaſion is near at hand when the Balm ſhall be required."

. . .A dread without a cauſe, a ſudden tremor had taken poſſeſſion of my nerves, the converſation I had heard was ſo unuſual, ſo aweful, ſo myſterious that I could form no judgment. The Muſic that had ſounded in the ſpheres, the Deportment of the Bramin, who at this moment ſeated on a monſtrous blueiſh ſtone was poring attentively over the dark river, had a ſolemn caſt that affected me more than I can expreſs.

Nouronihar had obeyed the command of her inſtructor, ſhe was kneeling on the herbage brightened by the moon and prying carefully for the plant ſhe was directed to cull. Whilſt thus employed I had time to examine her features. Never did my eyes behold ſo majeſtic an aſſemblage, her complexion a clear brown was animated with ſentiment and vivacity, glowing with health. Her attitude diſcovered the harmony of her proportions, her beautiful boſom

* A mountain in the interior of India. (*Beckford's note.*)

was in a very visible palpitation when she gathered the wished for herb replete with such qualities. She arose and with a motion graceful as the wave of the palm tree was regaining the cavern when the herb dropped from between her taper fingers. As she turned to take it up a gleam of light shone full upon the turf where I lay and discovered me to her sight. Haſtily snatching up the herb she flew swiftly to the Bramin and exclaimed; "Father! look! behold that mortal within the verge of this hallowed valley, surely he muſt be one of the accursed or never could he have dared intrude on this spot and at this holy hour. Speak, Father...he cannot be mortal or how should those tremendous precipices, these gulphs, these natural horrors that encircle our abode been surmounted. Have you not often told me that none of those that tread the plains of that unknown country I have viewed from the pinnacle of our mountain, could enter here? Have you not calmed my inquietudes by repeated assurances of our security? And now some evil one or some *Firengui has violated our retreat and polluted this vale by his profane presence. Who dares affirm the purity of our celeſtial protectors will not take umbrage at this sacriledge and never revisit us more?"

The Bramin with a smile of complacency that seemed to bode no revengeful intent, answered; "This is no evil one nor could he have passed the gulphs that encompass our residence had he the mind of a Firengui. His soul has not been yet torn with the avaricious thirſt of riches, the malignity and the ferocity of those nations amongſt whom he was born; no; had he such passions, he could not have possessed that equal temperature without which the narrow ridge is inaccessible. We will pardon

* An European. (*Beckford's note.*)

his innocent intrusion; but as his ear has caught the music in the spheres and the harmony with which we invoke the Spirits of Æther, he muſt suſtain a reverse purification or venture back ignorant and unbenefited by our converse."

I had now but one method of proceeding and that my curiosity urged with the greater vivacity, (to return along the foreſts, encounter the horrid darkness that would shortly prevail and traverse the precipices was rejected as impracticable with safety). Summoning all my resolution, I ventured towards the Bramin and Nouronihar who were seated on the margin of the black river and when I approached, the Character of Wisdom so ſtrongly expressed on the aged visage of the Seer, his Garb and the uncouthness of his whole appearance ſtruck me with such awe that I fell to the ground. He raised me up and with an affable benignity bade me be of good cheer. "No doubt," continued he, "the sounds you heard and to which mortals are so unaccustomed, have thrilled your heart; perhaps our Foreign Habits, our Conversation and the appearance of the cave we live in, may have occasioned the sensations that seem to overpower you; but let the gaze of wonder give way to the calmness of attention. Mark me, do you find yourself sufficiently bold to perform some ceremonies? Nay, start not! be assured they are no evil tendency; on the contrary leading to inſtructions that may then and only then be given. They must be the consequence of a discipline which in truth you will find severe; but if, young man, your soul is desirous of expanding itself, if the acquisition of more than worldly knowledge be alluring, I will answer you will prefer a momentary pain to laſting enjoyments; but still if human frailty, wavering doubts, and the cases of thy mortal body triumph

over the pure delights of the mind, speak, use no disguise and I will discover to you a path which will conduct you in security to your world below and there grovel like the herd that are universally spread over its surface. Never shall you behold us more and should you uncautiously disclose what you have hitherto seen, depend, you will never be credited, you will be despised as a raving dreamer and despised with the contempt of those whose sorry imaginations could never rise to even what you have as yet beheld. Now behold your alternative."

A piercing look from Nouronihar, a look that at once encouraged my enterprize and despised me if I feared it, proved determinative. I fired at the idea of being held dastardly in such eyes and exclaimed with some violence: "Lead me to the Trial; whatever the task I am ready to execute it."

"Young man," answered the Bramin, "this sudden compliance must not be the result of passionate vehemence nor of wanton curiosity. If from the bottom of your heart you can declare a sincere desire of being initiated into the sacred myſteries of the *Shaſtah, that Fountain of Knowledge, your requeſt shall be granted; you shall enter our abode and I will unfold a scene which never before has been displayed to European sight. A ſtory shall be revealed which will appal every sense with wonder and experience shall demonſtrate its truth. But before you resign yourself to my power, let me apprize you that the purification you are about to undergo

* The Shaſtah is a Book written on the leaves of Palmtrees of very remote antiquity. Contains all the Learning and mythology of the Bramins. Its contents scarce ever reached Europe. Mr Bathurſt, a Bookseller in London, possesses a few leaves of this ineſtimable treasure but none are sufficiently learned in the Sanscrit language to expound them. (*Beckford's note.*)

is sufficient to make the moſt courageous shudder. You must in a manner be committed to the Flames and then to a raging torrent; your body muſt receive the moſt severe shocks and your mind for some inſtants diſtracted with a dreadful suspense. Thus I paint the enterprize you are willing to undertake; if it appears in its moſt gloomy colouring you have ſtill the power of abandoning it; but if the conſtancy and firmness of your mind triumphs over the frailty and weakness of your body be assured that glory, refreshment both spiritual and corporeal will follow in a degree so sublime, so superior to mortality in general that you will exult in the remembrance of your sufferings. Be seated on that ſtone and ponder well your resolution."

I obeyed; it was utterly impossible to retract. An enthusiasm that did not admit of fear had long possessed me. I was resolved and convincing the Bramin of the sincerity of my desire beseeched him to order me inſtantaneously to the Trial. He complied and turning to Nouronihar said, "Haste, my daughter, to the interior grot; see that fuel be supplied to the consecrated hearth. Call Malich and Terminga." She arose and caſting on me a gracious glance cried, "Adieu, ſtranger: Nouronihar will ever intereſt herself for one who defies so terrifying a prospect. We shall meet in the Halls of the Glorious." The Persian language sounded inexpressibly melodious on her tongue. She plunged into the darkness of the cave and left me immersed in thought. The Bramin favoured my mood and did not break the silence till in the fullness of my heart I begged him to believe the confidence I placed in him. "Nothing," continued I, "can affright me; the opinion I entertain of the benevolence of your tribe has entirely banished suspicion; but, O my Father, pray that I

may ſuſtain the severity of this trial. May it please heaven to grant me ſtrength to endure the shocks."

"Doubtless heaven will," answered the sage, "and I will ſtrive by my fervent prayers to obtain a consolation that shall ſuſtain your sinking frame and fit you for the horrors of your trial."

He proſtrated himself before the mouth of the Cave. Drops trickled from his aged head; his body seemed convulsed, but in the space of a few seconds it regained its former tranquillity. The clouds seemed to gather over the moon and shortly an entire gloom overspread the face of the heavens. It was then that I heard an aweful sound from above like thunder: to this succeeded the shrill sound of unknown inſtruments borne on the blaſts of wind, violent guſts that sung in the Cave. Next a full choir of clear loud Harmony seemed to join in breathing an inspiration unfelt before and then to roll away in Æther. As I felt the influence of this musick, my senses were revived and ſtrengthened in a tone of heroism.

A feeble glimmer at a vaſt diſtance in the cave attracted my sight. It augmented till I beheld two tall lucid forms advancing hand in hand; their white veſture was resplendent apparently without a cause and diffused a moonish luſtre on the craggy arches which bent over the Grot. They glided along till they ſtopped right opposite to the Bramin, who at that moment arose from the ground. "Terminga," (addressing himself to that which shone next me) "is all prepared?"

"All waits the Stranger," replied the form with a faint voice like a distant flute.

"Malich," (to the other) "haſt thou opened the Iron Portal?"

"The sacred grot may now be approached," answered Malich.

"Nothing remains, my Son," said the Bramin, "but the performance of your resolution. Follow these freely; commit yourself to them. Silently they muſt execute their orders. Silently they muſt be obeyed. I muſt retire. Expect no further encouragement. Rely on no supernatural interposition; seek consolation in your own bosom and you will find it. We shall meet again in splendour; think of that moment. Direct your thoughts to that point; let them dwell on expectation and repose on Hope. Everything now depends on your conduct. Should you reluctantly linger on the brink of Initiation or hesitate one Inſtant the performance of what these will point out to you, never hope to behold the Light of the Sun. I will not miſtruſt my son," continued the Bramin and retiring into a recess of the cavern left me between Malich and Terminga.

There was nothing ghaſtly in the countenances of my Guides but the luminous quality with which their bodies was inveſted occasioned me to shrink back from them. My resolution soon returned and fluctuating between hope and fear I sincerely resigned myself to them. The moment I had inwardly determined this I found myself moving along with the same imperceptible motion as my guides whose feet did not seem to touch the pavement. In this manner we skimmed along the immense hollow space where the moſt uninterrupted silence prevailed. Now and then, indeed, I could juſt diſtinguish drops clear as cryſtals, dripping one by one from the icicles that hung over my head. The light which ſtreamed on all sides from my guides illuminated the concave vault above and nothing perhaps can exceed the splendour of the appearance as we advanced farther and farther. Cryſtals of every form, of every colour, tinged with the rays from Malich and Terminga

BECKFORD'S VILLA AT MONTSERRAT

from a lithograph after Rev. James Bulwer, 1828

grew below, around and above us with the moſt luxuriant vegetation; minerals and ores of the moſt vivid hues were ſtudded on the craggy arches which irregularly bent over our passage; some twinkled far, very far on high like ſtars in the firmament, others like the reflection of those luminaries in water shone on the pavement beneath. How shall I describe the lovely elegance of form with which nature has moulded these, her hidden production. Every grace, every beauty is lavished on the tall, slender waſted pillars of criſtalization which cling to the sides and the roof of the cavern and then spread in bowers of web-like texture over the arches. The diſtance we had gone in the very womb of the mountain seemed prodigious, the time inconsiderable, such was the amazing swiftness of our motion.

The reflection of light glancing from Cryſtal to Cryſtal, ſtreaming from arch to arch and from one brilliant mineral or spar to another, was exquisitely agreeable. The majeſtic roll of two diſtinct rivers, the one black, the other clear and receiving the play of the glittering ceiling above, added not a little to the enchantment of the scene. To give you an idea how I felt at seeing these objects would be without the circle of description. Let it suffice then to assure you that the outward appearance of the cave, its situation and the circumſtances that attended my viewing it however ſtriking were mean in comparison. The delight I experienced was very greatly tempered by the fears, the doubts, the apprehensions that continually tormented me with the idea of where I was going. This unpleasant thought was, as may easily be conceived, sufficient to check the perfection of my happiness nor indeed do I believe that there exists upon earth the circumſtance of perfect enjoyment. Never in my life did I breathe with so much freedom

or inhale such life as in the breezes of this cavern. I am convinced I was lifted above the reſt of mortals. My motion, my sight that at once took in such extent and the spirit that invigorated my whole frame forced me to entertain that opinion. Thus was I wafted along to a spot where the grot extended and lengthening into aisles that looked boundless, all adorned in the same glittering manner, all producing groves of vegetable criſtal and all gliſtening with rills of pure water trickling and oozing from every spar. The waters which flowed from every quarter formed labyrinths continually intersecting one another, would utterly have impeded or at leaſt perplexed in a great degree the route of an unprotected mortal, were no obſtructions to my way. We glided over them with the facility and elaſticity of a feather borne up by the ſtream and advanced on their surface till we came to the edge of a torrent, a torrent of a magnitude that would have astonished an inhabitant of the banks of Niagara. Had I not been supported by extraordinary power, I should never have ventured a mere look down on this formidable deep from which arose a spray, at firſt sight like particles of rasped diamonds, but on examination proved innumerable myriads of shining insects which the water dashes from its bosom. I found myself involved in this brilliant miſt, when I recollected how we were to descend to the depths beneath as my guides directed their course apparently to that quarter, but before the recollection of an inſtant we shot down with the swiftness of a ſtar beam and darkness for a moment screened my eyes from the splendours that had dazzled them. During this period my sense of *hearing was

* It is remarkable that deaf people hear beſt during some great noise. Speak to them near a water mill and they will underſtand. (*Beckford's note.*)

powerfully moved by the roar and complicated murmur of many waters, nor do I believe there is any sound on earth equal in loudness, the very echo was sufficient to deafen and when that echo was repeated again and again thro' the hollow caverns, grots and recesses of the mountain, imagine, if you dare, the sound. I cannot exactly tell how long my senses remained numbed. When they were unlocked I could diſtinguish, notwithſtanding the winds and torrents that holloed in my ears, the hum and buzz of some sort of monſtrous moths that whizzed by my ears; monſtrous I call them, for surely the great noise they made could not proceed from small organs, and besides they were every second flapping full in my face and banging againſt my body with a violence that was far from inconsiderable. The light which had before proceeded from Malich and Terminga was extinguished the moment we entered these gloomy regions and as they observed the ſtricteſt silence I knew not whether they were with me or no; but I was grown callous with the wonders that had befallen me and, finding the supernatural motion I acquired in these caverns continue, supported myself with entire confidence. By degrees I proceeded till the noise of the waterfalls gradually lessened and my ears admitted the leaſt sounds with the niceſt exactitude. The flutter of some sort of wings, very high above, the cries and growling of animals that proceeded, I suppose, from the crevices in the rock and the very crawl and creeping of some kinds of reptiles underneath was plainly discernible. They seemed to swarm in great multitudes as I perceived a clammy crackling sound as they turned about one another, from this reason I conjectured them to be of the serpent or lizard species. I may declare to have passed a great variety of climates,

some hot, some wet, some cold, vapours ſtrongly impregnated with sulphur and vitriol wrapped round me like garments causing momentary pains and achings dreadfully acute. Others again conveyed the moſt heady fœtid smells and others grateful refreshing odours that reſtored me to life and vigour. The vapours continued for some time increasing in heat till they became so intense that I breathed with difficulty. They were clogged with a rich spicy perfume that made my head so giddy that I should have sunk under the oppression, had not I found myself suſtained by something dense and soft. By this time I lamented with vehemence the privation of light, when suddenly a breeze of pure air reſtored me to every enjoyment. A vivid blaze of light flashed once more from the forms of Malich and Terminga who shone on each side of me with redoubled luſtre. A heavenly radiance bright as the moon in full illuminated the spot I discovered with a silver light. I again regarded with pleasure the two rivers I observed before rolling along under an arched concave space blooming with groves of shining plants unlike any I had seen, some shooting in tall spires from the water, others bending in bowers over a little island formed by the ſtreams and carpeted with a soft purple moss, spangled with innumerable white flowers, of a form, a texture and a delicacy you have no idea of on earth. These subterraneous productions have a finish, an elegance you can scarce conceive, much less execute. The roof seemed many hundred fathom high and towards the summit hovered several golden coloured clouds shot with vivid light and airy as muslin veils floating on the winds. Every gale (for many ranged thro'out this grot) shook the blossoms from the plants on the margin of the rivers and these blew about as the vehicles of insects that

sucked their nourishment from their leaves. Conceive these clouds, these flowers, these insects in motion and surely you will delight in the brilliant flutter. When my eye had roved over these beautiful objects it directed itself to the termination of the scene where the arches, bowing down, seemed to touch the surface of the rivers which joining on the opposite side of the Island looked as if they derived their common source from that quarter; but I had no time to observe, for my motion, which had subsided the instant I spent at gazing around, continued with repeated swiftness and brought me with my guides to the Island. Here we once more stopped and my guides, reclining on the soft turf under the shade of a tall plant with broad leaves something like the Banana, cropped some fruit and flowers with which it was braided at the same time and graciously presented them to me. I laid myself down at a respectful distance from them and with great humility received the present they tendered me. The smell of the flowers was reviving and the taste of the fruit and its effects exhilarating in a great degree. As I lay along the turf, I observed by the bright light which my guides cast immediately around them, various little animals of a beautiful form and covered with a soft down moving from flower to flower and tending their young which they concealed in the white glossy leaves; they were so gentle and tame, that they suffered me to drop into their mouths, grain by grain, the seeds of the fruit I ate and expressed their gratitude by a low melodious sound accompanied by many little actions that expressed their confidence in me, such as uncovering their young and displaying to my sight their little magazines where they hoarded their provisions of seeds. I could observe also the broad leaves of the plant

which waved over my head crowded with little beings so different from any you ever beheld that I despair of conveying an idea of them. The roots too of these plants which twiſting together in fantaſtic forms hung over the water were not deſtitute of inhabitants. Here I discovered the neſts of gigantic water fowl lined with their own feathers and teeming with a young brood as large and as white as swans. Their parents on the moſt diſtant shore of the river ſtalked about ſtately as oſtriches and moved the sovereigns of their species. A variety of birds something like our swans, ducks and geese, but far more beautiful in their plumage swimming along the water brought roots, flowers and fruits to their respective young.

Malich roused me from my contemplations by kindly offering some liquid dew which was gathered in the ample flower of a large *aloe which sprouted out of the turf by his side. I quaffed the draught with great pleasure and soon after sunk into a profound repose. The time I slept, I am totally ignorant of, but when I awoke, judge of my surprize, when inſtead of the cheerful light, the busy animated scene, the lovely vegetation, the mild breeze and the soft moss, I found myself extended on the rough surface of a rugged rock in an immense gloomy cavern lofty but obscured by volumes of dark thick smoke rising in waving curls from an hearth of red hot iron on which burnt a tremendous fire fed with minerals diſtilling an oil which catching flame rolled its burning waves with a sullen fury along the hearth and then diſtilled in drops on the pavement. The red angry light which the fire diffused was juſt sufficient to shew the horrors which surrounded it, the black dingy vault, the uncouth crags of bare rock and the

* I call it aloe; because it moſt resembled that plant amongſt us; but it was very different. (*Beckford's note.*)

boiling waters of a rapid torrent which forming a frightful whirlpool in a gulph at the farther end of this dismal grot was there confounded with a darkness that looked subſtantial. I had every reason to imagine that I was in the neighbourhood of some volcano; the heat was more excessive than could be derived from the fire alone and in the channels and fissures of the rocks, down horrible chasms, flowed a fiery ſtream of molten gold, silver and other minerals indiscriminately mingled with ore and lava which sent forth black vapours that tinged the roof and the pavement with an infernal hue. My two companions, one at my head and the other at my feet, seemed to guard me as I lay on the sullied ground; their white raiment ſtill retained its purity, but the glory which formerly played around them was obscured by the murky air of the place. The firſt reflection that entered my mind was how I was conveyed to this grot; no outlet, no entrance was visible, but after much search I perceived an iron grated door by which I imagine I was brought in, which I recollected the Bramin had mentioned before. "What means this fire?" (cried I to myself) "Surely the Bramin is an idolater and means to sacrifice me to his barbarous God." As soon as I had thought those words, the countenances of my Malich and Terminga glowed with a flush of indignation. I saw my error and thought of the last words of the Sage. "*I will not mistruſt my son.*" "And what! shall I withdraw my confidence from him who reposed so much on me? shall I shrink? shall I doubt? shall I hesitate? Rather let me perish in the flames I dread. Yes, I behold the necessity of purification and I will meet it joyfully. It shall explode these vile miſtruſts, these ungenerous fears." The smile of approbation again returned and graced the features of my guides who

inſtantly diveſting me of my garments poured over me a balsamic oil which was to protect me in some measure from the fury of the flames. The ſtruggle I own was violent. My arteries beat, my heart panted with unknown violence, my limbs refused to ſuſtain me. I sought consolation in the countenances of the forms and found it. When I ventured to lift up my eyes, O horror of horrors! what objects did I behold on the farther side of the blazing hearth? Two ranks of ghaſtly ſpectres rose like exhalations from the vapours and formed a continued line from the fire-side to the foaming whirlpool. Their tall meagre forms wrapped round with robes of a miſty grey were calculated to inspire wonder, disguſt and dread; their withered arms scarcely held the taper wands of ſteel with which they ſtruck a multitude of sculls that sent forth a lamentable murmur that rung amongſt the arches, and to this dire cadence they joined a mournful song that pierced my heart with despair and froze the current of my blood. Could you conceive all them at once opening their lank wide mouths and from their scrannel jaws sending forth dismal grating complaints in an unknown language and to a tune like the sound of an ancient portal which the winds turn on its hinges, you would shudder in a circle of the gayeſt pleasures. And yet there was sometimes a plaintive tone in their measures that inclined me to weep with compassion. Now they turned on me their hollow sockets, where their eyes gleamed feebly like expiring lamps and now they ſtretched forth their pale arms as if to implore that I would not pass. What this meant I could not well determine but a tremulous horror again threatened to overturn the resolute sentiments that had juſt before ruled. A look from Terminga that seemed to say "And wilt thou then..." made

the scale of resolution again preponderate. The forms took advantage of this favourite moment and snatching me like a whirlwind wafted me thro' the flames. It would be vain to attempt describing the anguish that fired every pore; my blood seemed shrivelled; I felt.... Enough of these horrors! enough! more remain. The spectres vanished soon as I passed the hearth, but in what manner I cannot tell. I could distinguish or feel nothing but the present pain; every thing seemed fire and myself too, when by a violent and sudden transition I found myself committed to the whirlpool. Its eddies in an instant almost totally deprived me of my senses, the waters seemed everywhere to overpower me and with a gush that is inconceivable hurried me away seeming ten fathom deep and as precipitately dashed me against the low craggy roof that impended. How I escaped death is astonishing; at least I suffered all the horrors of its approach during the period before my senses were entirely gone. The current was bearing me away when the stupefaction came on and what then became of me I cannot tell. When I awakened once more to life, I was cast upon a beach which felt like sand without the least glimmer of light. Here I lay a prey to every misery, my patience entirely exhausted, and for some moments destitute of every consolation, freezing with wet cold, covered with sharp pointed sands that some violent wind blew furiously against me and trickling with fœtid unwholesome dews that fell one by one in large drops on my head. Yet, tho' attacked by a complication of calamities, the words of the Bramin shot into my mind; this dismal situation was perhaps the suspense I was to expect and that the happiness promised would soon follow was the hope that solaced the dreary hour, for so long do I imagine was the time

I shivered on the beach. I could not help thinking my situation a little similar to that of the poor ghosts whom the ancients represented hovering on the banks of the Styx whilst their bodies remained neglected and unhonoured with the Rites of Sepulchre. Thank Heaven I had not long to make any more reflections; an immense flow of water returned like the tides of the sea and washed me away under narrow craggy channels till at length the full blaze of that silver light which had delighted me before burst forth and a wave laid me gently on a shore which was carpeted with mossy herbage. A delicious refreshing slumber again made me sink down and reunited my wearied frame. Soon after I was called by a melodious voice. I looked up and beheld Malich and Terminga in all their radiance. These forms with looks of ineffable beneficence poured over me a balm which cast around a delicious odour. I arose, firm and unshaken, my mind clear, every sense restored and in a perfection I had never experienced, not even in the luminous cavern. Malich threw over me a robe of the purest white and shining with the same brilliancy as those which gleamed on him and his comrade. Terminga placed on my head a circle of light and with joy beaming in his eyes declared all performed.

"And now, young Mortal," continued the form, "prepare thyself for those enjoyments of pure knowledge thou hast merited by thus daring the most formidable of elements. Now expect instruction from the lips of the good *Moisasour the Master of our Race. Behold the centre of the earth, its wonders, its sublimities: behold the influence of the All Wise instinctive in the whole. Mark that silver radiance, which enlightens these abodes which ignorant men think enveloped in darkness, how goodly its effects

* The name of the BRAMIN. (*Beckford's note.*)

on the animals, the vegetation and the air. See how wonderfully adapted the leaſt plant or inſect to its situation. Caſt your eyes to the horizon of rocks which terminates this particular valley. Do you observe that cloud of luminous inſects, which hover near those diſtant caverns? They are deſtined to illuminate the plants and shrubs for the use of those white animals which you see cropping their flowers. Admire that uniform expanse of bright Æther, spread universally over the valley and judiciously concealing the craggy concave of the arching rocks, which laid open might appear disagreeably harsh and menacing to the sight. From this Æther which is composed of innumerable luminous particles, singly imperceptible, proceeds the serene mild light we enjoy. Often with a charming variety, meteors exhale from the mineral rocks that glide gently along for many hours gilding the rocks, the groves and the cryſtals with tints that no pencil can imitate. Some in the shape of smooth lucid globes of blueish fire roll down with the cataracts and hover over their ſtreams, as they flow thro' the plain beneath. Others, something like your sun, shine amongſt our bright clouds and for days and weeks regularly appear at the same hour and diffuse a gay, brilliant luſtre, that enlivens every animal and every species of vegetation; but do not imagine they yield a more fervent degree of heat than we experienced in their absence. The temperate warmth we enjoy is occasioned by latent fires in the rocks tho' at a great diſtance. To the effect of these which answers to that of your sun, we owe that multitude of animals, and that luxuriant vegetation, with which we are blessed. It is their genial influence which cherishes the seeds of plants and the eggs of animals, which thaws those immense masses of ice which otherwise would choake up the hollows and

concavities deſtined for inhabitants, and gives birth to rills which afford refreſhment for the moſſy turf and the many little reptiles that lurk under its covert. Altho' we have no ſun to enlighten us by day or moon to direct our nocturnal hours, ſtill we are not deſtitute of thoſe diviſions. At the ſame moment when your light declines and the day fades on the horizon, the Æther and the Clouds which now glow with ſuch luſtre over your head equally loſe their brightneſs, turn to deep blue which ſhortly darkens entirely. It is then that from the pores of every bloſſom and every flower, from under each leaf and each bud, iſſue myriads of fiery inſects, whoſe wings quiver with a brilliancy like that of the Diamond and whoſe continual flutterings produce a vivid light, of whoſe excellence and beauty you will ſoon be the witneſs. Sometimes indeed when the winds, which range thro' theſe ſubterraneous wilds, are violent, theſe inſects fearing to encounter the fury of the blaſts providently remain in their compact cells. How then will you demand are theſe gloomy hours enlightened? The evil brings with it the remedy. Vapours freſh from the diſtant volcanoes are wafted on the wings of the winds and being impregnated with the particles of our Æther occaſion long lucid tracks of mild light, which remains during ſeveral nights in the ſame poſition."

Whilſt Terminga was relating the admirable diſpoſition of this part of the globe a troop of ſhining forms like his own aroſe from behind a promontory and glided towards us by a winding path, ſhaded with a variety of ſhrubs. Theſe forms gleamed behind the plants, which caſually intervened like the moon when it twinkles thro' deep thickets. As they approached I could not refrain queſtioning my guide about them.

"And who are these Beings" (said I) "whose luſtre eclipses the greateſt splendour of mortality, whose graceful motion is never seen on the surface of the earth?"

"They are," answered Malich, "the inhabitants of these regions, a pure simple race unsullied by fraud or rapine, unconscious of the love of gold, jewels or any other baubles, which men so much eſteem. Their hands are never embrued in blood, their stomachs never gorged with animal food, their conduct never influenced by ambition or injuſtice. Wonder not therefore that their bodies untainted with gross and foul particles should emit such lively rays nor suffer yourself any longer to be loſt in admiration of their motion. Our atmosphere, which probably you may fancy cloggy by thick exhalations, is on the contrary thin untainted with imperceptible insects and purged by salutary vapours from the minerals. You have experienced the air we here breathe; it has the property of rendering your whole frame elaſtic and as you have skimmed whole leagues in an inſtant, our motion, unopposed by the leaſt obſtruction, is accelerated by every breeze and becomes fleet as the thiſtle blossoms on the gale. By a deception in vision which to your eyes may seem unaccountable, objects which from their diſtance would appear faint and miſty on the surface of the earth, are here brought near in a manner it would be needless as yet for me to explain. How diſtant should you imagine yon caverns hollowed beneath those prodigious ſteeps where the shrubs, the colour of the flowers is even discernible and the animals which feed amongſt them?" I answered perhaps a furlong. "They are" (replied he) "about nine leagues from this spot. Nay, check not that rising smile; you will shortly be convinced of things far more improbable."

By this time the forms had advanced close to us and ſtood confeſt in all their splendour. Nothing can be conceived more placid than their countenances, nothing more delightful than the innocence and serenity which sat upon their brow; no wrinkles, the effects of care; no diſtortions, the produce of passion; every grace, every charm the result of candor was there conspicuous. They modeſtly caſt their eyes on the ground and seemed to wait till Terminga addressed them, on which account I conjectured he was of a superior race. After a short silence during which I observed Terminga to gaze on the circle of forms with entire complacency, he enquired whither their course was deſtined.

"The wise Moisasour," replied the whole troop, as it were with one voice, "has ordered us to haſten to a remote region, where the mortals have juſt discovered a copious vein of gold. Our maſter foreseeing the baneful effects this discovery might produce amongſt those discontented frail beings, wills that we should close the vein and spare by that act the mischiefs it might occasion amongſt them."

"'Tis well," answered Terminga, "the Will of Moisasour is ever the result of prudence. And next," continued he, "we muſt pursue our course. Moisasour awaits us in the halls of the glorious."

No sooner had he spoke than the troop of forms glided away and were soon behind the rocks. Myself and my guides were wafted swift across the ample plain whose beauties passed like dreams before my eyes and seemed to fleet with equal celerity as our motion. In a few inſtants we gained the extremity of the valley where something that resembled human art was apparent in the ſtructure of nine grand portals raised over the mouths of as many yawning caverns. On a nearer survey I perceived those portals

to be no more than a sort of niche or entablature on which was engraved a variety of characters entirely unknown to me. The rocks above the caves [were] covered with the moſt flourishing growth of shrubs and aromatic plants that bespoke the fertility of the soil in which they grew. Some of these bowed their leafy branches quite over the mouths of the several grots they shaded and others retired amongſt the nooks and crevices afforded their covert to these concealments. The heighth of the precipices was aſtonishing when I ſtood under them and looking upwards beheld grove above grove and peak above peak, I was loſt in amazement. My motion, which had abated during a space juſt sufficient to allow my observing in the moſt cursory manner the objects which presented themselves around, again returned and hurried me together with my guides into one of the vaſt caverns I have mentioned. It was divided by at leaſt three thousand massy columns into the moſt ſtately halls decorated with colonades of slender pillars inconceivably ſtriking. The lesser order of pillars was formed of a clear white cryſtalisation, exquisitely beautiful. They supported neither frieze nor cornice, nor any ornament in the leaſt degree consiſtent with the rules of architecture we observe on the surface of the earth, but suſtained on their airy capitals a variety of gliſtening garlands composed of spars and intermixed like the branches which form our bowers. The pavement in some measure corresponded with the roof. Figure to yourself a variety of marble, agates, jaspers and other ſtones some of which you are utterly unacquainted with, all painted by the hand of nature with an infinity of elegant veins, all gleaming with the polish of a mirror and reflecting every object in the same manner. Mark how the pavement, like a lake of marble, extends amongſt this

spacious labyrinth of columns as far as your eye can reach. Deny, if you are able, the beauty of the scene. As we wound along the aisles, the sounds of harmony came pealing from the recesses of the subterrene*. I fancied I could diſtinguish the voice of Nouronihar. Terminga perceived my diſturbance and willing to alleviate my impatience increased our motion with a rapidity that shortly left behind the halls and the pillars. We darted along a gallery of prodigious length, the pavement, roof, and walls entirely formed of polished agate which reflected our forms like a looking glass. We passed too haſtily for me to observe with any degree of certainty the objects in the gallery; but I could not help being ſtruck with two ranges of colossal ſtatues placed regularly in niches on each side illuminated by a line of bright lambent flames which played about the sceptres they held in their hands. These fires blazed on innumerable golden altars with a vivacity that dazzled my eyes. Juſt as I was about to enquire the meaning of the sculptures around me, we arrived at a vaſt arch closed by a portal of ebony, whose valves flying open of a sudden with a sound that rung amongſt the altars, displayed an immensely spacious concave, unsupported by any visible cause and glowing with a refulgence that proceeded from an orb of the moſt brilliant hue suspended from the centre by chains that, almoſt imperceptible, wore the appearance of sunbeams. Under the orb I beheld a flight of many hundred ſteps covered with a rich carpet of purple which imitated the mossy herbage of the subterraneous valleys. On every ſtep sat a lucid form increasing in glory and ſtature the nearer they approached Moisasour who was seated on the

* I have made bold with this frenchified expression. (*Beckford's note.*)

summit of the ſteps while Nouronihar reclined at his feet.

"With this ſtate the Bramin receives those," said Terminga, "who have merited his protection by boldly contemning the terrors which encircle his abode. Advance and present yourself to him as initiated. Nouronihar will no longer fly your presence."

As I ascended the ſteps in obedience to the directions of Terminga, the orb darted forth vivid flashes of light, the forms snatched each an inſtrument whose shape and sound were equally new and joining in full accord hailed me with harmony that lifted me to the very portal of heaven. How you would be enraptured could you behold those elegant forms sweeping the chords of their golden inſtruments and rising of a sudden to a majestic ſtature, then waving with an universal motion the luminous circle which tinged their brows with radiance, what would be your ecſtacy could their sounds reach your ears. See how they lower the glories which surround them at the moment Moisasour quits his exalted seat and, leading Nouronihar, descends to meet me.

"Yes, I am not deceived," exclaimed the Sage, "my doubts are dissipated like the dreams of the night. Witness that orb, with what pleasure I behold the happy change resolution has effected. Away terreſtrial prejudices. A mortal of Europe has succeeded nor has he suffered hesitation to linger on his actions. To one purport they have tended and behold that end attained, to arrive at the goal, beheld as the termination of a long perspective. Look around, no Firengui ever beheld the glories which the earth conceals in her centre. The mariner who after the experience of many years has traversed the oceans which encircle the surface of the globe exults

with the thoughts of having surveyed the wide extended planet he inhabits, but how little doth he imagine that nature veils in the caverns of the earth another world flourishing with as fair a creation as that with which he is acquainted; but these wonders are carefully concealed from profane eyes. Had you not been inspired with a supernatural courage, the access of the cavern where you firſt beheld Nouronihar and heard the melody of these Beings which inhabit our region, would have ſtill remained enveloped in obscurity. In vain you would have clambered the Appenines and in vain presented yourself on the peak which overlooks its entrance. You fancy in general that nature partial to your face has beſtowed her favors with unbounded liberality and that it is ye which she has placed at the summit of her works; but learn that these beings which you have here beheld shining around are indued with faculties of which you have no idea. Their motion you have already observed and in some measure required by breathing the air of our abode, so far you can form an idea; but think how glorious the power which invisibly can witness all the transactions of men, can survey not only their outward actions but dive into the thoughts of their hearts and trace them from their source. Recollect that the forms who conducted you, followed exactly the resolutions of your soul and without the utmost sincerity on your part remained inactive. When on the brink of the burning hearth you shrunk back with fear and at the moment you entertained suspicions injurious to my race, the visage of Malich was altered and Terminga dreaded you would share the fate of others who had in vain attempted the enterprize. Did you not remark also that inſtant your heart dictated a contempt of danger, the initiation was effected and you were wafted thro'

the flames? But let me dwell no longer on the agonies you have suffered. Let it suffice to assure you that these Beings exceed in many respects the race which bespreads your earth. Mark that they regard you without aſtonishment. Are you not surprized at this seeming indifference when a new object appears? Certainly you are, but know that they often fleet unseen along your empires and silently contemplate the affairs of mankind. Like exhalations they rise from the depths of their caverns and vanish like departing vapours. The regions they chiefly delight to visit are those luxuriant foreſts which shade the valleys of the Andes. Here they frequently hold converse with the simple descendants of those former rulers of the West, the mighty Incas. Embosomed in these aromatic groves they teach them to adore the power who formed the sun and directed his genial influence on the planets he enlightens. Sometimes the traveller wandering amongſt those silent regions is surprized by their lucid forms glancing amongſt the meteors and sporting in the rainbows he contemplates beneath. Towards the extreme peak of Catopaxi in a climate where the atmosphere ſtill finer than in the luminous cavern you so lately beheld, is purified by eternal fires, our race have hollowed an entrance to their subterraneous habitations. These ſtately caves which form in a manner the portals of our abode are never viewed by any except the genuine natives of the valleys immediately beneath. Unknown to the reſt of mankind these wilds are never imprinted with their ſteps, for the material frames of mortals in general and especially those of Europe are almoſt incapable of breathing so refined an air. These Firenguis deterred by sudden eruptions, furious cataracts and hurricanes that in a moment ſtrew their tracks with desolation, lurk in

their confined diſtricts without scarce venturing a look on the tremendous mass which occasions such formidable convulsions; but the Peruvians on the contrary mildly give way to the elemental war and abandoning themselves entirely to the dispensations of Providence smile on the dangers which sometime menace their habitations. Far from murmuring or blaspheming againſt the will of Heaven they regard these tempeſts with religious reverence and venerate the power in all the majeſty of his anger. The elders of these happy tribes separating from the youth who lead an active life in the foreſts, ascend when age has in a manner consecrated them to us even to the verge of our gliſtening caverns and there lifted above the ſtorms, the vapours and the concerns of humanity enjoy all the sublimity of meditation. In this region they remain till Death delivers them to the Æther of Souls. With what delight we dwell upon the genuine descendants of those Patriarchs who in former times were eſteemed worthy of the interposition of the Creator of all things. These and these alone are conversant with the pure spirits that move at this inſtant around us.

"Oftentimes in a glittering train they issue from the very Womb of the mountain and summoning a synod of the Peruvian Sages lead them to the pinnacle of Catopaxi at the hour of midnight. From this elevation they point out the worlds that roll thro' the Heavens, describe the track of planets and notice remote moons that revolve around ſtars of whose magnitude your aſtronomers are ignorant. The faculties of vision are enjoyed with an infinite superiority on such an elevation. No fogs, no vapours obſtruct the sight. It is these lofty regions which the moon enlightens with all her splendour. A perfect tranquility prevails on the peak of Catopaxi. The air

never vexed by tempeſts enjoys a continual serenity free from change except when a mild dew descends and diffuses a refreshing coolness. Altho' the dense atmosphere which envelops the world beneath generally screens the prospects presented on its surface, yet what can be more glorious than the extent of the skies, those azure plains where myriads of objects offer themselves to view, all beaming with a radiance of which they seem diveſted when gazed at from the Empires below. The moon and the luminary girdle which enlightens Saturn shine confeſt without the aid of mechanical inſtruments and in the same manner the satellites of various planets and others of which ye have no conception are discernible at the firſt glance. Wonder not therefore that sages are ambitious of such a residence; but an experienced age muſt have ſtamped their characters with wisdom before our Beings conduct them to the higheſt pitch of exaltation. When this glorious period arrives, they quit their kindred in the vallies never to return and abandon themselves solely to divine contemplation. Nor ever more do they behold the habitations they have quitted unless the clouds and vapours as they fleet present a transitory gleam of the grove, the verdure and the charms of the regions below.

"Methinks at this moment I view them seated on the mountain brow under the serene expanse of Æther. At their feet many fathom down, the Empire of the winds raging amongſt the atmosphere of your world. Aweful thunders that roll for hours reecho along the precipices. Lightnings, flashing from the ocean of vapours and darting in forked ſtreams, till loſt amongſt eternal fogs, precipitate their fire on the valleys. Now I perceive them ſtretched on the ground, hanging over the volumes of our Sciences. Now I behold them encircled by forms far superior in every

excellence to....But let me cease nor crowd your senses with farther subjects of aſtonishment. Your frame has occasion for ſuſtenance.

"Let us enter the recesses of my habitation. What you have as yet seen is but the portal...."

My attention had been so earneſtly fixed by the conversation of the Bramin that I did not perceive for some time after he had finished speaking, the solitude of the immense dome. The forms had all left us and Nouronihar and the Bramin were the only Beings visible in the vaſt space around. They were both reclined on the purple ſteps and seemed ruminating in silence. For my part I took advantage of the profound ſtillness to contemplate my present situation. "And I am then sunk into the centre of the globe. Have I the prodigious chain of Alps piled over my head? Is it possible that I am awake? Can a mortal have penetrated thro' such spacious grottos? How can I have ſuſtained the flames, the whirlpool and all their attendant horrors? Surely my frame muſt have been overcome by such repeated attacks and from such formidable elements? Yet all these circumſtances seem fresh in my memory; my sense of feeling has been moſt uncommonly exquisite; I have seen, I have heard, I have taſted; and could I dream of these senses with like perfection? Is it possible that I could reason and reflect as I do at this very moment in my sleep? With what diſtinctness I survey this ſtupendous dome ſtudded with glittering gems, that orb which flashes so clear a light, that pavement of agate with all its mazy veins, those ſteps, this purple carpet and more than all that elegant female and that venerable seer; and are they illusions? Do I not hear that rill which falls from one shell to another? Certainly I can diſtinguish the leaping of fish in its clear waters. Do I not also

inhale the incense of those spice trees which are placed in vases on the edges of the ſteps? Can I enjoy these faculties and dream?"

Thus I satisfied my reason that the scene was real when the Bramin summoned me to follow him. I obeyed; he took hold of my left hand and placed Nouronihar on my right. I had now an opportunity of viewing this fair Indian, for such her language and complexion declared her to be. I gazed with such pleasure on the grace of her motion, the fire of her eyes, the majeſty of her air and liſtened so attentively to the accents that flowed from her tongue that I neglected to regard any other object. I could not reſiſt addreſſing my converſation entirely to her, and the manner in which she replied enforced the adoration I had conceived for her perfections. My admiration did not ceaſe till our motion subsided. I looked around and found myself in another grot, small in comparison with the former (for it was not above 50 paces long) but gay and cheerful as a landscape enlivened by the rising sun. Two wide arches at one extremity admitted the view of a little lawn blooming with flowers and skirted by thick groves composed of trees and shrubs entirely unknown to me. These woods towered to a surprizing elevation as far as the eye could reach and then seemed to blend with a light blue atmosphere absolutely without a cloud and illuminated by a globular meteor which diffused a splendour on the vegetation beyond description. The foreſts afforded a retreat to numerous herds of animals nearly resembling antelopes and reindeer, that bounded across the paſtures and gambolled on the lawn without betraying the leaſt sign of timidity.

A ſtream which issued from the trunks of the flourishing groves on high descended the ſteeps by a

channel almoſt concealed by bushes and gliding across the lawn entered the cave by one of the arches I have mentioned. Nothing can equal the purity of the water or the brilliancy of the yellow sand over which it flows. The sides, the roof and part of the pavement of the grot were covered with an incruſtation of greyish spar very pleasing to the eye and several shells were fixed to the rock at irregular diſtances which contained a variety of flowers. At the end opposite the arches, a bason scooped out of the same spar as the reſt of the cave received the current of the ſtream and afforded a very commodious bath. The cave which overhung the waters, offered a number of gliſtening icicles to view, reflected and multiplied in two vaſt mirrors of polished ſteel on which were engraved several lines of unknown characters. I was so much employed in admiring the simple beauties of this habitation that I scarce noticed for some time a repaſt which was prepared on an enormous leaf spread in the middle of the cavern fronting the lovely prospect which the arches disclosed. The Bramin and Nouronihar sat down on mats which were placed round the leaf and desired me to follow their example.

"You muſt not expect," said Nouronihar (as I reclined on the mat by her side), "the flesh of animals to satisfy your appetite. Such viands are banished from this part of the globe, unused to massacre the creatures, into which the All Wise has inspired life. We content ourselves with the vegetable productions his providence has so abundantly supplied. That shell contains the essence of various fruits extracted by an insect which deposits a superfluity of its ſtores on the leaves and in the blossom of almoſt every flower. Those criſtal cups are filled with a mixture of the milk of antelopes and the juices of herbs. The

bread is moiſtened by the same liquor and nothing can exceed the ripeness of those fruits; for the paths of the foreſts were ſtrewed with them in profusion by the early dawn."

The fair Indian continued to explain to me the contents of the shells and cryſtal vases which were placed on the leaf and invited me to taſte of the variety of fruits which were heaped on every side; but the novelty of my situation and the curiosity which devoured me, deprived me of the power of even satisfying my hunger. However I could not reſiſt quenching my thirſt with a beverage which sparkled in a vase before me. Moisasour who seemed to observe me with attention, smiled at the eagerness of my draught and asked if I could persuade myself that I was really thirſty. "For I am well acquainted," continued he, "with the doubts you entertain of the reality of appearances. I exactly know the situation of your mind since you have entered this subterraneous world, in short I will not conceal from you that which enables me to dive into the thoughts of mankind; the breaſt of every mortal is displayed like a volume before my sight and it was with satisfaction I traced the reasoning by which you convinced yourself of the reality of your exiſtence in these regions. At this moment I perceive an ardent curiosity exciting you to enquire moſt particularly concerning us. You are ignorant whether we are mortals; you wonder to hear of the myſteries of the Bramins in the centre of the earth and are aſtonished to see me command the Beings that inhabit its spacious caverns. You wish for an explanation of all the wonders you have seen and yet can ask no queſtion adequate to the multitude of your ideas."

I was not a little confounded to find my thoughts so entirely developed, but as I had conceived none

but ideas highly favourable of Moisasour, his being conscious of them did not upon reflection diſtress me. As for the curiosity which I muſt own had long prevailed in my mind, the circumſtances which had raised and which were every moment exciting it were sufficiently surprizing to plead its excuse.

"A little more patience," said Nouronihar, "and all the wonders which embarrass you shall be revealed. For my part I will relate the hiſtory of a life which tho' short has experienced a variety of singular situations. The reasons of my inhabiting the centre of the earth and the motives which have attached me to the pursuit of sciences generally unknown by the reſt of my sex and especially those born amongſt the splendours of an oriental throne and confined within the gardens of a Zennana shall not be withheld from you."

"Nor," interrupted the Bramin, "shall the initiation I declared the reward of the dangers you have overcome be much longer delayed. The beams of the meteor which enlightens us begin to fade and the atmosphere is growing pale. Already we can scarce diſtinguish the summit of that exalted promontory and an universal haze will shortly overspread the valley. The flutter you hear in the grove which screens the arch on your right hand announces the approach of the insects whose luminous qualities Malich has described whilſt you were under his guidance; but observe the departing rays of the meteor ſtrike upon those characters inscribed on the polished mirrors by which I learn that in an hour's space it will be lawful for me to reveal the knowledge you have merited. Take advantage of this interval to calm yourself with sleep; but as the agitation of your spirits will scarce allow you that refreshment, drink the juice of those herbs which Nouronihar is

preſſing into a cup of Onyx and next, reſt yourself in a recess of the cave."

I gratefully received the liquor and retiring into one of the niches in the side of the grot, found a couch of odoriferous herbs neatly covered with a mat of pliable materials on which I sunk down in a profound repose till I was awakened by the sound of voices I [had] heard before and beheld Malich and Terminga advancing from the cave. [They] told me again to follow them. I arose and juſt diſtinguished the grot of the valley by the light of some brilliant clouds composed of the inſects so often mentioned. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the ſtrange appearance of the scene illuminated in so singular a manner. The lawn which framed the bottom of the vale was covered with animals I remarked for the firſt time whose form, colour and motion differed entirely from those I had been accuſtomed to; and as neither our mountains, our foreſts, our plains nor our waters produce any animals which in the leaſt resemble them, how can I describe the immense variety I saw without entering into a tedious detail? I resumed my former extraordinary motion and glided after Malich and Terminga, who entering a chasm rent in the rock which supported the cave, led me thro' a winding passage of considerable length till we reached a cavern of such extent and lofting as ſtruck me with aſtonishment. My sight was for some moments perplexed with different coloured rocks which were ſtrewed over the spacious pavement all composed of cluſters of gems and minerals that gleamed with such a complicated variety of hues as exceeded the tints reflected from a thousand prisms. Numberless thin spires of cryſtal shot from every fissure in these masses; some towered at leaſt an hundred feet and then ended in groups of brilliants

that seemed the fruits and flowers produced by these glorious cryſtalizations, others equal in elevation with the roof were confounded with a thin miſt which admitted faint and partial gleams of such a ceiling as no human language can describe. The vaſt precipices and ſteeps which formed the sides of the cavern were perforated into a range of irregular arches which declining till the perspective met, completed the magnificence of the subterraneous prospect. Far above the arches I perceived a number of galleries crossing one another, sometimes loſt behind a pinnacle of rock and sometimes contrived with incredible pains along the sides of huge promontories like those which border the coaſts of our ocean. After my eyes had recovered from the blaze of the splendours which had dazzled them, I diſtinguished many bridges of glittering materials thrown from one peak to another and several flights of ſteps which winding amongſt the rocks and the icicles joined some ſtately terraces near the pavement to which the ascent was easy. Globes of cryſtal which appeared to contain liquid fire glowed on the mounds of icicles and on the edges of the ſteps whilſt lambent flames on high in the galleries caſt long gleams on these isles and discovered more cryſtal spires, more pinnacles, more peaks beyond in the most beautiful confusion. Circles of brightness twinkled thro' the miſt and I imagine are suspended from the roof; but the vapour put a ſtop to my examination in that quarter. I beſtowed a confused admiration on this boundless glory and on forms like Malich and Terminga shooting along the galleries, passing the bridges and descending the flights of ſteps. These Beings swarmed on the pavement at some diſtance from me and my guides, but did not approach us or attempt to interrupt the silent aſtonishment into which I was plunged.

The sound of their voices, inſtead of the jarring diſcordant tumult which an equal number of mortals converſing together would have occaſioned, ſoothed my ear with an harmonious murmur, that indicated the ſerenity of their minds. Tho' the terraces and the open ſpace in the cavern below was crowded with their numbers, no confuſion enſued, no diſorderly buſtle; every individual followed the purpoſe of his excurſion and glided to and fro as ſmoothly as if alone in the cave. Amongſt the multitudes which continued in motion as far as my eye could reach I obſerved a number of dwarfs whoſe countenances tho' different from human had nothing unpleaſing. These little figures were of a duſky hue and at a diſtance appeared like ſpots amongſt the brilliant forms which ſhone as they moved, but tho' the external appearance of theſe dwarfs was ſtriking only on account of their ſize, nothing could be more remarkable than the activity with which they ſprung from bridge to bridge, darted across the terraces and in an inſtant were at the feet of the luminous beings from whom they ſeemed to receive commands. Another moment I beheld them climbing the ſteeps and winding like lizards from rock to rock, next ſlipping down an icicle, then mounting with ſurprizing lightneſs and facility the ſlender ſpires of cryſtals which bent like oziers under their feet. Another moment they were loſt in the miſt; but before I could utter an exclamation of ſurprize they appeared jumping over dreadful fiſſures, ſliding along banks of congealed water and next mixing with the multitude they quitted a few minutes before. Such was the vivacity of theſe minute creatures that I could not refrain aſking Terminga what animals they were and for what purpoſe this amazing agility was deſigned. "They are," anſwered my guide, "the deſcendants of a race

who many thousand ages ago overspread the surface of our globe which then presented a very different aspect from that it at present offers. The whole face of nature has undergone two revolutions since that remote period. The first occasioned by an earthquake which rent open the womb of volcanoes and giving passage to torrents of inflammable matter kindled a conflagration that was not quenched in half a century; the other produced by a deluge of which you have yet the tradition. The creatures who before the general earthquake ruled with supreme authority on the surface of the globe in course of time became depraved and were continually perpetrating crimes to which their nature, totally different from that of mankind, was liable. During several centuries they were suffered to degenerate till by degrees they dwindled to the inconsiderable stature in which you see them. Their mental faculties declined in proportion and they were no longer deemed worthy to inhabit the fair creation in which they were placed. Suddenly a fatal instinct was implanted in their minds which made them seek the dens and caverns of the rocks. Some instigated by a despair, which then became natural, precipitated themselves into gulphs and fissures. Others inspired by a horrid frenzy threw themselves into the mouths of volcanoes, but these violent acts instead of being followed by death or that annihilation they vainly expected, produced an end absolutely the reverse. In the profound abyss twelve thousand fathom beneath the cavern we now behold, the guilty race awoke to life and all the horrors of conscience. The most dreadful silence prevailed thro' out this gloomy space and a substantial darkness. Deprived of the gift of speech and fixed to the spot on which they had fallen, each creature imagined himself in an entire solitude. They had

formerly heard of the idea of eternity. They thought that dreadful eternity arrived; an endless duration of darkness, solitude and silence, without a single object to divert the gloom of their situation or a being to whom they might have the consolation to complain. A thousand times they wished all the horrors of punishment at leaſt visible, they wished even the cries of torture to sound in their ears, any degree of misery seemed preferable to this total inaction; for to a race whose limbs had always obeyed the vivacity of their souls and whose tongues had been accuſtomed to utter a million of thoughts which crowded their imaginations, what situation can be conceived more painful than this horrid calm of the body whilſt the mind doubly active, ranged over the former period of its existence, burnt to deprecate the power it had contemned, and found itself at once deprived of all the faculties of expression? Whilſt these miserable wretches conscious they had deserved the evil that had befallen them lay dispersed on islands in the great deep, their former habitation was deſtroyed by the earthquake I have mentioned. When this havoc had ceased, the elementary principles remained some time in that confusion of which you have some account under the appellation of a chaos and when the spirit brooded over the jarring elements, order returned and the inhabitants of other planets again perceived the earth which for some time had been obscured shine forth with her usual splendour. This period answers to that epoch you call the creation. When this great work was completed, the Supreme Power touched with the repentance of the race againſt which it was so juſtly incensed signified by the mouth of the sage who at that time governed us (for we have existed during four revolutions on the surface of the earth) his intention of mitigating their punishment

and commanded us to deliver them from the great deep and to receive them as a subordinate race of animals deſtined for our service. We obeyed and diving into the abyss burſt with a full blaze of light into those abodes of darkness. We shuddered at the melancholy proſpect of the dull boundless waters interspersed with numberless rocks covered with wretches who appeared at firſt sight petrified. An agony of despair sat on their features at the firſt glance we caught of them; but no sooner did the rays of our light dissipate the gloom than wild extravagant joy reſtored them to motion. At firſt they scarce knew how to ſtand erect, they had forgot their former movements. At every ſtep they ſtumbled and fell into the attitude they had preserved for so long a time. Their speech was indiſtinct; many hours elapsed before they could form an articulate sound: but it was with satisfaction we have heard their firſt ejaculations tend to praise their deliverance and the juſtness of their fall. What a scene of gratitude ensued. The joy they discovered at finding their punishment finite exceeds my expression. In a moment we communicated to them our swift motion and commanded them to follow us into the caverns we inhabit. There we assigned them various tasks, such as collecting oil from the leviathans that are found in our subterraneous ocean, hollowing galleries in the rocks and pruning the exuberant vegetation of cryſtals which would otherwise overgrow the open space of our caves. Sometimes we employ them in weaving purple textures of great delicacy and often they are exercised in a variety of occupations in which you will shortly see them busied. All those innumerable lights which sparkle thro' out our grottos are tended by the dwarfs who ſtill execute their employments with some share of cheerfulness and alacrity; but

these qualities are not so remarkable in them as in their anceſtors. In proportion as their agility increaſed, their breaſts swelled with pride and many of them were vain enough to imagine themselves in a manner necessary to our exiſtence. This notion rendered the little race disobedient to our orders and we were obliged to inflict punishments to control their moody dispositions. On this account we imprisoned the moſt refractory in rocks of ice, where many remain, congealed for ages, visible and appalling examples to the reſt. In elder times they were allowed the liberty of visiting the caves bordering the surface of the earth to which they always retained an affection that descended from one generation to another owing to the tradition they possess of their once inhabiting those pleasant regions. From hence springs that inveterate hatred they entertain to your species whom they regard as the usurpers of their empires; for ambition is not yet extinct in their minds. This malevolence towards mankind occasioned them frequently to manifeſt their malignant intentions by decoying avaricious mortals with the hopes of treasure into deep pits and chasms in which they found their deſtruction. They have been known, after practising an infinity of illusions, to ſtrangle unhappy men who have liſtened to their insinuations; for they would often appear to an enterprising miner and affecting as much as in their power the geſtures of mankind beckon him and point to a rock as if they meant to discover a rich vein and when they had inviegled him from his companions, wreaked their vengeance with a ferocity that roused our indignation and forced us to abridge their limits and confine them to the central valleys. The inhabitants of the north whose mines and grots near the pole communicate with our world were chiefly liable to these fallacious

apparitions and have recorded the pranks and cruelties of certain ill favoured gnomes (as they style them) who had been often seen issuing from the fissures of the rocks with a ghaſtly smile tinctured with malice."

A sudden clangour which echoed thro' all the arches of the cavern interrupted my guide in this part of his narration. Upon my enquiring the cause of the tremendous sound he answered:

"The Sanctuary has opened and thou art permitted to descend the slopes of eternal ice which lead to its entrance."

As I felt moſt eager to attain the myſterious goal to which I had so long aspired, we shot along the cavern with ſtill more than our usual rapidity between the multitudes of forms that divided to give us passage. In a moment we reached the extremity of the cave where the perspective ended and here I was ſtartled at the sight of a ſteep of smooth ice apparently bottomless, reflecting a clear blueish light. Terminga smiling at my perplexity made me observe with what facility the Beings like himself descended this dreaded slope and desired me to remember the cataract I had passed before. The recollection of this circumſtance cleared my doubts and without any farther hesitation I committed myself to the polished ice and at the next inſtant found myself at the foot of the precipice, whose summit where I ſtood trembling the moment before, was now scarcely diſtinguishable on account of its diſtance. When I possessed myself enough to look around I caſt my eyes on four ſtately arches at which the shining Beings disappeared and then next on four majeſtic figures who ſtood on the right of every arch with scepters in their hands, commanding the numbers that went thro' them. As my guides guessed my wishes as soon almoſt as I conceived them, they shortly informed me

that these were Beings like themselves of an order superior to the multitudes that vanished at their command and that these multitudes consiſted of the guardian Genii of mankind and of all the inhabitants of the surface of the earth as long as it had exiſted. The arches they told me communicated with the four quarters of the globe and that each being was haſtening to direct the newborn denizens of those parts; but "let us proceed," continued they.

We soon left the arches and all the glitter of the forms behind; for entering a long narrow alley formed by two huge rocks of purple spar, we arrived, I am scarcely sensible how, in a place vaſt and infinitely spacious visible by a mild solemn light which proceeded from a fire burning at a great diſtance. I looked about and behold I was left alone. I caſt my eyes on high; all was immensity. I liſtened, but could hear no sound. I wished to advance and tho' I skimmed along with the ease and lightness I had been accuſtomed to found no bounds to the space. In vain did I continue moving forwards with the moſt aſtonishing rapidity; the fire ſtill retreated and seemed as diſtant as ever. Again my apprehensions and doubts began to grow powerful and I said within myself; "Where is this sanctuary, this initiation so long proposed as the reward of all my fatigues? Why does it fly like a delusive meteor? Thro' what space am I roving? And ſtill, why should Moisasour delude me? These perplexities are thrown in my way as trials. Doubtless it muſt be so." Whilſt I made this reflection I found that I had ascended imperceptibly several hundred terraces that extended on each side out of sight. From their summit I beheld with infinite satisfaction that I was nearer the fire and pursuing my course with redoubled hope I continued moving forwards till at laſt I began to

diſtinguish some objects that resembled edifices of wonderful size and majeſty. Upon my approaching ſtill nearer, they seemed to surround something that had the appearance of a vaſt body of water richly glowing with the rays of the setting sun, in the midſt of which was the fire that had directed my progress. When I approached within about a thousand paces, methought I discerned a figure that moved on the surface which as I advanced appeared like one traversing the expanse. What could this mean? I ſtill moved on and to my great surprize found the imagined lake a smooth plate of yellow metal of a deeper yellow hue and more gorgeous colour than any gold I had ever seen. I ventured upon it and every moment fell into ejaculations of surprize upon surveying the wonderful ſtructure of the towers upon the brink of this refulgent pavement. Moſt of them are formed of the same glorious metal; but fashioned into such pillars and carved with such art as you can never conceive or form an idea of. Their architecture differing so totally from anything in your world as not to afford me expressions to convey a description. The central fire suddenly sent forth such bright flames as threw the edifices into a blaze of light and dazzled me, so much that I veiled my face with my robe to screen me from the glories that overpowered my senses. Whilſt I remained in this attitude I heard a voice hailing me from afar off. It was reverberated with a sound that made me tremble. I looked up and the good Moisasour ſtood before me.

"Thrice happy! arrived at the end of thy wishes, render thanks to the power to whom thou oweſt thy perseverance and magnanimity, whose protection has so often shielded thee from the horrors of despair."

I obeyed.

"Kneel down," continued he, "and let me touch thy eyes with a juice that will enable them to bear the luſtre of this sacred fire."

I performed his commands.

"Now," said he, "behold the sanctuary thou haſt aspired to enter! Behold what never was discovered to mortal view! Gaze at the abode of purity and wisdom, old as the creation, unshaken by four dreadful revolutions, fixed by the supreme power, immoveable! unalterable!"

I lifted up my eyes with reverence and a certain sensation of awe that thrilled thro' all my veins. At the firſt moment I could diſtinguish nothing above the towers; the next I thought I perceived something like the base of columns great beyond conception. Soon I was confirmed in this notion for I viewed thousands that seemed to rise all around me, gradually as my sense of sight increased in perfection. I ventured to explore what lay beyond and saw one vaſt object growing out of another till space itself seemed to be filled. My firſt ideas were those of grandeur and immensity; the next were perfect harmony and proportion; but what language can furnish a term, a name for the whole. Was it a Palace, a temple? No; none that imperial power ever raised or religion dedicated could convey the feebleſt idea of the aſtonishing solemnity, extension and harmony of this sublime sanctuary, where burns the central fire, where lie the eternal records of the world and where resides the Being to whom is delegated its government.

Moisasour, from whom none of my sentiments were disguised, finding I was in a tone of mind sufficiently elevated to comprehend the hiſtory of his exiſtence began his wonderful narration.

"Be not alarmed when I tell thee I am an Angel of

the MOST HIGH and one of those who were perſuaded to doubt his omnipotence. In the firſt dawn of my Being I remember to have inhabited with myriads of ſpirits like myſelf this planet which was then ſurrounded by many moons more luminous than that which at preſent enlightens the nights on the ſurface of the globe. We lived in perfect felicity and enjoyed ſo extenſive a knowledge as to learn by intuition that great actuating principle of the univerſe which governs its innumerable ſyſtems and which to illuſtrate coſt half the life of one of the ſublimeſt geniuſes that ever enlightened your philoſophy. We could diſcern truth in every thing and could form ſome idea of the one from whom it ſprings. In this conſiſted our chief happineſs. We were not chained down like mankind to the earth, but could ſoar into the ether and viſit the moons, which were diſperſed like iſlands in thoſe plains of light. In theſe flights our pleaſures were inconceivable: we communed with the ſpirits of remote ſtars and vied with them in happineſs and in praiſing its ſource. How godlike our exultations! Our knowledge hourly encreaſing! our proſpects ever expanding! Sometimes we wantoned in moons that ſhone on our world, amidſt meads of aſphodel, and at other times with a conſciouſneſs of the true dignity of our natures turned our thoughts to higher things and ſuch was the ſubtlety of our bodies that the rapidity of light, the inſtantaneous excurſion of thought thro' immenſity may faintly repreſent the facility, the ſwiftneſs with which we darted beyond the ſolar ſyſtem and entered others more glorious and excellent. The atmoſphere in thoſe happy times was pure as its inhabitants, ever clear, ever vivifying. Ignorant of deceit and falſehood, ideas long after conceived, we were moſt happily formed for ſociety and exalted

friendship and delivered ourselves up to the enjoyment of them without fear or reserve. Our passion for knowledge was inordinate; it exceeded all bounds; and we impiously dared to pry into myſteries we were commanded but to revere. One of our Order, an angel of haughty thoughts, could not brook this control but would penetrate too near the sacred source and winged his presumptuous course, even to the higher sky which encircles the spirit of all. Nine times a voice which resounded thro' the spheres commanded him to desiſt. Awed by the sound he returned to our world and there by skilful persuasion wrought upon us to accompany him, animated our curiosity and led us within the space not lawful for us to enter. We heard the sound again and the dreadful repetition of the same command. We shrunk back with amazement. He animated us to advance again—ah would we had known how to resiſt!" (Here the countenance of Moisasour was troubled and the glory that played round his head dimmed) "But hurried by this fatal impulse we advanced and beheld with horror the firmament change and opening display such an emmanation of insufferable brightness as ſtruck us back, blaſted with aſtonishment! We were thus diſtractedly driven I know not for how long till we fell on the body of a cold dismal planet remote from any sun. Here we lay whilſt this sentence was denounced againſt us. 'Wander for ages—and for your purification exiſt in the bodies of inferior creatures. Pass from one ſtate of Being to another by painful deaths and after this atonement hope the return of happiness; for with infinite power exiſts infinite Mercy.'

"From this moment we began our melancholy course and found ourselves in an eccentric planet that now shot along amidſt worlds and burning ſtars,

flaming with light, and now retreated into regions benumbed with cold and wrapt in darkness. In our wanderings amongſt syſtems of planets we wished to diſtinguish our former habitation and were anxious to view what was once the seat of our happiness. At length a kind of inſtinct pointed it out; but how was it changed as well as ourselves! Diveſted of all its moons except one; no longer beaming with radiance: no longer universally smooth and fertile. All its celeſtial bloom vanished. This spectacle keenly reminded us of our loſt ſtate and it was then we experienced the moſt exquisite misery. Whilſt we fondly hung over our former abode, trying to discover its new inhabitants we were suddenly borne away from each other and all recollection obliterated. It was at this period we entered the bodies of mankind and lived in a ſtate of probation under which we learnt that our world had known three different species of inhabitants and as many revolutions since that of which we had been the cause. Our deſtiny was hidden from each other and it was not till long after we discovered how frequently we had met in the characters we were obliged to assume. What those were I muſt not disclose. I see thou art impatient to hear the fate of the angel by whose persuasion we dared to disobey. 'Tis of a nature so tremendous—it would curdle thy blood, it would convulse every nerve in thy frame, it would fire thy brain with madness! Check then this rash curiosity and reſt happy in thy ignorance."

I acquiesced not without a certain heartfelt satisfaction and he proceeded.

"After having indured innumerable trying vicissitudes I was born about three thousand years ago in the person of the Bramin Padmani whose sanctity is ſtill celebrated at the source of the Ganges. In those

countries I led a long life of two hundred years, a life of penitence and auſterity tempered by cheerful reſignation. I reached out health to the ſick and adminiſtred conſolation to the afflicted. To thoſe who beſought inſtruction I imparted the Light of Truth and paſſed a long ſeries of toilſome years in diffuſing the wiſdom of the Shaſtah thro' mighty nations who dwelt in intellectual darkneſs. When my mortal frame was almoſt exhauſted I retired to a ſequeſtered iſland near the iſſues of the ſacred river and there waited, with a ſerenity I had never experienced ſince my fall, the approach of that moment which was to conſign me to a new exiſtence. Thus peaceably I drew to the verge of diſſolution; the Ganges faded on my ſight; its murmurs were heard no more. This inſtant was darkneſs; the next unutterable light. I found myſelf traverſing the ſtill wilds of Æther clothed in all the ſplendour of my firſt creation. My mind exulting in its original ſuperiority and ſhall I ever forget that moment when the lives of ages ſhot like electric fire into my memory? A cœleſtial influence drove me again to the confines of our planet and whilſt I hovered above it a command iſſued from the throne of Power veſting me with its direction and at the ſame time declaring this my laſt trial. Inſpiration directed me to this ſanctuary and here I found an interior world of Beings waiting my domination.

"Reflect on that moment when you firſt ſaw the mouth of the cavern which led to our world. Remember when your ears were ſtruck by a melody announcing ſomething more than mortal. 'Twas then you beheld Nouronihar and myſelf for the firſt time. Do you not recollect my diſcourſing much of the inſtitutions of the Bramins, of their fathoming the depths of nature and their meditations in hidden

sciences? Did you not imagine you saw me inſtructing Nouronihar as a parent and what seemed more extraordinary amongſt the Alps in the character of a Bramin: nay, you were convinced I exiſted at those moments as one of that order. You saluted me under that appellation and indeed with reason; for I meant to wear the Bramin's guise, and to dissemble as much as possible the superiority of my nature, fearing that you might be overawed with its majeſty. 'Twas for that cause I diveſted myself of those beams which at present throw around my form a supernatural splendour. 'Twas for that reason also I talked with Nouronihar about the virtues of plants and minerals, enlarged upon the subject of pharmacy and told of the wonders wrought by holy men whom long experience has endued with qualities above the ordinary reach of humanity. I perceive you have not forgotten by what gradations I rose in your veneration, how I alarmed your curiosity and with what precaution I disclosed the dangers of initiation; for I was tender of you and affectionately spared the weakness of your nature but ſtill firmly adhered to the purpose of making you brave the obſtacles which attended your entrance into these regions. And now since you have confronted the perils that menaced your progress and have submitted magnanimously to the conditions of initiation, I will lead you to yonder shrines that encircle the central fire and will disclose the volumes they contain; for know, whatever has passed since the allseeing power suspended this world in the Æther, is written therein."

Moisasour now advancing a few ſteps before me drew towards a shrine of ſtrange myſterious form and unimaginable brightness. He ſtopped suddenly like one entranced and elevating his eye to the Zenith of the expanse, muttered something as in

converse with superior Beings. He then raised his right hand high above his head and caught from some invisible delivery a wondrous sceptre, flashing as he turned it with all the varied rays of the opal. With one end he ſtruck the bars of gold encompassing the shrine which inſtantly dropped to make him passage. Then moving onwards with the other he touched some secret spring. Nine massive folds flew open in the quickeſt succession and discovered to my aſtonished sight the tables of adamant on which were graven in letters of light the Eternal Records of Truth!

"Approach," said Moisasour, "and read in the language of intuition, ten sacred words expressing the essence and attributes of the Ancient of Days. Behold there three single signs couching all the truths the sages of your world have hitherto explored: the knowledge of six thousand years. Placed juſt below them see three more containing all they shall ever possess. Tho' small and scanty be the sum think what painful exertions it has coſt them, what labours! what ſtruggles remain yet behind!"

Moisasour next directed my eye to two lucid points expressing beyond the possibility of error the true nature of virtue and happiness. I demanded the cause of a perpetual revolution which I observed one of them to make round the other as if by a sort of attraction resembling that of a planet round its central ſtar.

"This wondrous motion," replied the sage, "marks the eternal league subsiſting betwixt happiness and virtue. Turn now thine eyes to yonder table, the regiſter of human actions. It exhibits a spectacle perhaps at once the moſt mortifying and the moſt aſtonishing a mortal can behold. Yes, I read already its effect ſtrongly painted in every lineament of thy

visage. Thou shuddereſt to behold the ſtrange contraſt betwixt the records of this world and thy own. Here ſtand the heroes of mankind, their kings, the founders of their empires whom fear and flattery have magnified into Gods, here they ſtand reduced to their own size and figure, and brought below the level of man; for here no characters are blazoned in perfidious colours, no crimes extenuated, no merit concealed: the beſt, the greateſt of them, the few whose hearts e'er felt the love of truth retain not here one half of their hiſtoric ſtature. Behold on another quarter what a numerous tribe of philosophers without wisdom, of learned men without knowledge, of good ones without virtue."

"'Tis too much; I can bear no longer this mortifying ſpectacle! what is it but the annihilation of all the dignity and worth of my species!"

Moisasour seeing the emotion of despair with which I was agitated turned my attention to another table which was consecrated to very different objects. Here were presented a liſt of names unknown to heraldry, of those who in the obscurer walks of Life had fulfilled every duty of their condition and regardless of the folly, the falsehood or perverseness of men had persevered thro' Life in the even course of truth and virtue. Here were philosophers without the name, men of profound learning unmarked by honours or diſtinction, of exalted probity uncelebrated till now by any eulogy but that of their own conscience.

"This," said Moisasour, "is all thou art permitted to see," and inſtantly he closed the shrines. "But mark well," added the Sage, "the true scope of thy initiation. 'Tis the knowledge and government of thyself. Let it sink deep into thy spirit. Let it remain there indelibly fixed that the regiſter of human

actions, which thou haſt seen, was not copied from fame or flattery or from the judgement which one man passes on another; it is a rigid transcript of what every man's conscience writes in the regiſter of his own heart. Be wise."

Being recovered from the aweful silence in to which I was ſtruck by the majeſtic tone of Moisasour pronouncing these words, I expressed an earneſt desire to be admitted to the sight of the other shrines which yet remained unexplored. "Lead me," cried I, "to another world of dangers; let me be plunged anew into the terrors of initiation if they do but lead to this laſt."

"Repress," said Moisasour, haſtily, "so daring a curiosity. This laſt initiation is Death!"

I bowed low and when I raised my eyes from the ground the whole scene rolled away as it were by a spontaneous motion and Moisasour ſtretching out his hand over me, I was wafted thro' dark caverns and boundless grottos I could hardly diſtinguish till a cheerful light at a diſtance revived my spirits and seemed to promise the neighbourhood of some delightful region, nor was I disappointed for I shortly emerged into a plain edged by sloping declivities that loſt themselves in a shining sky thick set with beaming meteors of a bright golden luſtre reflected in a variety of clear ſtreams that flowed thro' the meads below. All appeared to me a Heaven! so smiling a prospect never before had offered itself to my view. Here were flowers of every colour and cryſtals of every hue mixed together and vieing with one another in beauty and perfection. Here were Islands level with the waters, in some places green, in others overspread with moss or covered with delicate corallines. Shoals of fish glided between them whose scales dazzled the sight, and birds of a singular and unknown shape

now skimmed along the surface of the rivers, rose into the air or fluttered amongſt the shrubs that flourished on the hillocks around. No craggy promontories, no bare rocks were to be seen, not an object presented itself that could remind me of the centre of the earth, nor indeed could I believe myself in such a situation. I was almoſt tempted to imagine I had passed the laſt initiation and was transported into those happy countries that are the promised reward of our trials upon earth. And how could I think otherwise when the air I breathed inspired me with such sensations as I had never experienced and when the melody of innumerable birds mingled with the sound of waterfalls that gently ſtole down the smooth slopes filled me with pleasure and threw such new life into every nerve that I enjoyed to the utmoſt of my wishes the charms of these blooming plains? The quickness of my motion contributed greatly to the delight I felt from this animated scene; for no sooner did my eye fix on some new island or wilderness of shrubs I had not before observed, than I cut across the lawns and reached the spot almoſt as soon as my wishes. If I discovered some unknown animal grazing afar off or some fair bird ſtalking along the opposite banks of a diſtant rivulet, in an inſtant I crossed the ſtreams however numerous or intricate and satisfied my wishes as soon as I conceived them. I know not how much time I passed in these enchanted wanderings nor how many moments I spent in plunging myself in the pure waters and cropping the luxuriant flowers that floated on the current of the ſtream, nor can I tell what minutes glided away whilſt I ascended the swelling hills that encompassed the plain and tried to rise to where their brows blended with the sky; all I know is that I succeeded and found myself amongſt shining clouds that,

eternally shifting, varied their hues at every inſtant and caſt new tints upon the tops of the groves below which shot up here and there between them and were loaded with a luscious fruitage that fell with the quivering of every breeze from their branches and were either caught by a sort of zebras that browzed on the eminences or were loſt in the vapours that concealed the ſtalks of the plants that nourished them beneath. I was so charmed with the singularity of this region, with the colours of the sky, the beautiful flies glancing in the beams and the droves of quadrupeds that one minute ſtopped to graze in the spots, illuminated by the brighteſt light, and the next concealed themselves in the clouds for ever fleeting before my eyes, that I ſtopped my course, which till then had never been delayed and sat down on the brink of a hill, under the covert of a waving shrub, whose buds were juſt expanding to the genial air, the plain being all extended at my feet. Here I gave a loose to transport. "And am I permitted to witness this creation of which other mortals are ignorant?" Whilſt my heart leaped within me at these glorious thoughts, the birds flew around me from every quarter and described a thousand circles above my head. Animals of innumerable species advanced from under the neighbouring clouds and seemed to issue from the sky. In a short space of time the whole plain was in motion. The woods sent forth their inhabitants who all pacing slowly up the acclivities shortly formed the moſt grand and surprizing circle around me that ever was beheld. Amongſt the croud, I diſtinguished some that, with the bulk of the elephant, joined the form and elegance of the deer, others that with the spots of the leopard blended the majeſty of the lion; and promiscuously appeared enormous reptiles that partook of the shape

of the alligator and who ſtretching forth their long necks seemed to do me homage, behind these towered a race of oſtriches and cameleopards (ſtill more gigantic than those with which we are acquainted) and on every tree that lifted itself above the vapours clung variety of apes who continued removing from branch to branch, weighed down the boughs and ſtrewed the ground with blossoms. I had not long gazed on this aſtonishing spectacle when my attention was called off by another as extraordinary; for the waters of a little lake on the summit of one of the hills grew agitated and shortly after a quantity of tortoises rose slowly to its surface and gaining the banks, moved forwards by degrees to join the throng that encompassed me on every side. No sooner were they assembled than a multitude of serpents and snakes, whose skins gliſtened with the moſt vivid colours, rolled themselves majeſtically along the turf and twining their mazy folds round the ſtems of Areca trees that grew half way down the hills lifted up their ſtately creſts and fixed their brilliant eyes on the spot where I was seated. Surely no mortal ever found himself alive in such a situation; for my part I was diveſted of all sense of fear and looked around me with a serene composure, but I was certainly inspired or else the sight of such an assembly of formidable beaſts, nay, the novelty alone of finding them at once gathered together would have dismayed the boldeſt spirit on the surface of the earth. What motive could have impelled them to quit their haunts? It could be no other than curiosity to see a being, whose form they were unacquainted with and yet what inſtinct do they possess, that unanimously they should leave their paſtures and advancing in so solemn a manner, place themselves around me in one vaſt body and, with their eyes all directed to one

point, wait without uttering a sound till I rose up to caress them. As I lifted myself from the ground to take a nearer survey of this marvellous group, I could not help thinking my situation resembled that of the firſt man, who according to ancient tradition was once surrounded by such an assembly, as silent, as gentle and as respectful as this which attended my approach. Never shall I forget these moments, when I walked on and passing along the ranks, roved from one knot to another till my admiration and perhaps their own was satisfied; but I cannot paint the variety of species I saw. The idea crowds too confusedly into my memory and I muſt abandon my description. To attempt it would be in vain; for the words of ten languages could not express the properties and characteriſtic marks of each creature. Let it suffice for me to assure you that they surpassed in comeliness all those which your world produces. No sooner had I ceased examining than the multitudes began to retire and in a few minutes dispersed all in the moſt profound silence so that shortly I was left in entire solitude. The clouds for some time screened the descending series from my sight; but they shortly appeared again at the feet of the hills and soon after the deserted lawns, the groves, the islands and the banks of the rivers were once more enlivened by their inhabitants and the birds which before darkened the meteors above my head were again seen, some on the margin of the lake, others chasing one another in the air and the moſt diminutive hanging in the tubes of the flowers or playing amongſt the aromatic leaves of the spice tree. The silence they had so long maintained was broken and the bleating of herds at a diſtance, the song of birds and the voice of ſtrange animals sounded in every little valley, which these eminencies formed. I found myself so

elaſtic, so free to range wherever my wild inclinations prompted me with unreſtrained facility, that this circumſtance above all others conspired to fill me with joy and to breathe into my soul raptures unfelt before. Now I looked above and let my eyes rove amongſt the meteors, that like ſtars were scattered thro' the sky; now I inhaled the freshness of the breezes and now I descended into some of the moſt retired valleys, discovered new plants and trees and gathered fruits whose taſte and form I was before ignorant of. Sometimes I followed winding paths that brought me to little concealed nooks where I found neſts of the moſt curious conſtruction and often honey of the moſt delicious flavour. Another time I would lay me down on the soft herbage by the brink of a bubbling spring and muse on what Moisasour had discovered to me or else suffer myself to be lulled by its murmurs. I wonder I was not afraid to give way to sleep, lest I might awake in your corrupted world and find all this a dream; but every miſtruſt was vanished. Thus passed I know not how many hours ſteeped in delights; my breaſt was possessed with the moſt perfect tranquility; I thought no more of paſt or future; I had almost forgotten that I had even exiſted but in these valleys. My initiation, the sublime truths I had learned, Nouronihar and all the events that had befallen me were effaced from my memory, till once, as I ſtrayed along the hills, the vapours suddenly surrounded me and I wandered a long while, without meeting with any shrub I had been accuſtomed to, or any living creature in which I had used to delight. The idea of solitude rushed forcibly into my mind and I found in it something discordant to my nature: this brought on the recollection of beings that resembled me in some things and excelled me in moſt. I grew uneasy, my wonted

vivacity began to desert me and sitting sadly on the ground I lamented my condition and cried aloud to Moisasour. "But with what confidence" (said I within myself) "can I address him, whom I have so long neglected and to whom, until now, I have scarce dedicated a thought! him! to whom I owe my happiness, my knowledge, my preservation! Ah! Nouronihar, Angel form! whom in these moments I recollect once to have been the object of my admiration, shall I never more hear thy voice encouraging me to confront danger and animating me in the pursuit of glory? Shall I not liften to the hiftory of thy wayward fortune, and harken to the melody of thy song? Have I seen thee but to lament thy loss? Muft I wafte my time in indolence and consume my hours in a languid repose?"

Whilft I uttered these words, a guft arose, which rent asunder the clouds and discovered a different scene of a remote part of the same plain, characterized by every mark of grandeur; for an expanded ftream smoothly descending from the utmoft height of the horizon formed one of the barriers of this vale of wonders. Above the falling waters hovered a brilliant ftar, and rainbows without number reflected from its rays arched their magnificent course below. Amazement absorbed the melancholy into which the loss of Nouronihar had thrown my mind for a short interval. "Ah," (said I) "why art thou not here to share my sensations and to prevent the return of those poignant feelings that are already resuming their influence?" Whilft I paced along in this situation of mind, beginning to regard with indifference the moft ftriking object in nature, some lights which I perceived glancing at the bottom of the great fall attracted my observation. Immediately I shot down the hill, traversed a wide extended

lawn and arrived on the banks of a river, that flowed from the hill, whose opposite shore at a great diſtance was edged with a number of detached pointed rocks, moſt of which bore tufts of shrubs covered with white blossoms that hung over the water and scented the air with a reviving fragrance. Behind these the light I had descried from afar shone with great brilliancy. Being resolved to see what occasioned it and willing to divert the dejection of my spirits by continually shifting the scene, I flitted across the waters, lighted on the rocky shore which I ascended and pushing thro' the thickets of shrubs discovered in a recess formed by crags on one side and mossy hillocks on the other, seven lucid beings sitting on the turf and caſting around them a multiplicity of rays. In the midſt of this splendid group, appeared a lovely figure leaning againſt a rocky fragment that bulged out of the moss. I moved on and behold! Nouronihar herself, Nouronihar whom I mourned as loſt, ſtood before me. Figure to yourself with what alacrity I flew towards her and regardless of the Beings that surrounded me expressed in the wildeſt and moſt artless terms the excessive joy I conceived at being once more reſtored to all I admired. The Indian lifted up her ſtately countenance, whose majeſty however was softened by a gentle languor and caſting on me her dark eyes exclaimed "And art thou returned, thou wanderer?"

"Ah Nouronihar," (replied I scarce knowing what I said) forgive this neglect, pardon the hours I have spent in forgetfulness and in roving from Island to Island and from Hill to Hill with little more than sensation. Where am I? Relieve me from this uncertainty and let me not any more be hurried from thy sight. Have I not deserved this happiness by the dangers I have set at defiance? Surely these laſt

moments that have glided away like the Vision of the Night will not efface the memory of those in which I aspired to Initiation."

Nouronihar could not help smiling at my confusion and at the incoherent manner in which I addressed her, yet I thought I could discern she was not displeased. After a short silence she turned again towards me and with a look of commiseration clasping her hands together cried out;

"Another hour and never wouldſt thou have seen me more. If thou hadſt suffered any longer a voluptuous indolence to creep into thy veins, if regardless of his former goodness, thou hadſt allowed the memory of Moisasour to have been banished from thy mind, thou muſt have been snatched from these delicious valleys and being caſt into a deep sleep would have awakened in the upper world with the bitter recollection of thy loſt happiness to prey upon thy mind and punish thy ingratitude, such would have been thy melancholy fate if another hour had elapsed! These Beings were assembled to inspect thy conduct and mark the moment to separate us for ever. They were mourning with me thy frailty and Kelani, the form that shines on my right hand, was calming my inquietude by a relation of the lives of those mortals over which he had presided. He was describing the dangers they had undergone, the temptations they resiſted and exulting in their present felicity he assured too thou wouldſt rouze from this fascination and cease fluttering like those insects from one grove to another."

The Beings disappeared whilſt Nouronihar was speaking, leaving behind them long tracks of light which grew fainter and fainter as they entered some caverns near the rivers in whose windings they shortly loſt themselves. Nouronihar continued for

some moments (the moſt delightful I ever passed) describing with all the fire of oriental imagination the pleasure she received from the noble prospect before her eyes. She next led me to the edge of one of the great rivers opposite the fall, pointed out to me a labyrinth of grottos hollowed in the rocks that served as bulwarks to the descending floods and bade me observe the rich beds of coral they contained and the endless variety of aquatic plants that bordered their entrance. She would not allow me to overlook the profusion of glowing shells and amber that lay scattered upon the sands and desired me to remark certain purple flowers of a gigantic size which sprang out of the crevices of the living rock. I was charmed with her anxiety that prompted me to pry into all the marvels of the scene; and how was I transported to find a mortal whose pleasures and fancy had so perfect a conformity with my own! Think you see me ſtanding with this sublime Indian on the borders of the river. I have described my eyes alternately wandering from her to the grottos. Represent to yourself the fall of water on which we gazed, vaſt, copious, smooth! Imagine you see its ſtreams dividing at the bottom, some to flow in rivers thro' the plain, others to enter the grottos, to pour along the gliſtening minerals that pave these caverns and rush down precipices whose depths are buried in utter darkness. Suppose you discover innumerable rills oozing from those ſteeps that are softened by moss, see them trickle down, lose themselves in the sands, bubble round the flowers or play with the slender leaves of the aquatic vegetation. Fancy you enjoy the cool gales that blow from the grots refreshing the warmth of the outward air and bringing with them the leaves of flowers beautiful beyond idea and that flourish only on inaccessible pinnacles of

spar that twinkle afar off in the caves. Suppose yourself attempting to look into them and following with your eyes narrow crannies which alone are trodden by amphibious animals who brave the eddies which foam amongſt the fiſſures. See that clump to which they lead and which appears all shining ore; for at this inſtant a partial gleam of light has discovered it to me. Is it not covered with their eggs? But look all is darkness again and that spot is unattainable. Imagine what muſt have been my delight (and I know you can conceive such things); imagine, I repeat, what muſt have been my ecſtasy to find myself with such a companion in such a scene; but I defy you to divine my sensations; they were too exquisite and of a nature so delicate that even if you yourself should comprehend them I should be surprized; but let me conclude you do and proceed with my relation.

I have been telling how Nouronihar seemed intereſted in directing my notice to the objects before us and what satisfaction she received from the transports I discovered at their sight. After we had continued for some time mutually expressing our admiration, mutually calling one another to observe whatever we fancied newly to have found out. I asked her from whence this vaſt concourse of waters proceeded. She answered.

"You will scarcely suppose after recollecting your entrance into this world by a cavern in the Alps, that you had journeyed so far as to be at present ſtanding under that immense reservoir from whence rise the copious springs that form the sources of the Nile. Yes: do not wonder, you have left the subterraneous valleys of Europe far behind and are at present treading those of Africa. Only remember the swiftness of your motion, the succession of spacious

vales and grottos you have passed, with the amazing extent of the sanctuary you lately beheld and your aſtonishment will be juſtly suspended. Indeed" (continued she sighing) "if ever our deſtiny obliges us to quit these peaceful countries and revisit those regions that are enlightened by the sun, what will be the amazement of mortals when we relate our adventures! What will be their incredulity! I know not even whether we shall not ourselves catch their prejudices, and fancy, if such folly and weakness exiſt in us, those glorious meteors we behold, this plain they enlighten with so much magnificence, the beneficent Moisasour and all the Beings with whom we have conversed, the children of a fleeting dream."

Her words affected me. I seized her hand and folding it in mine, we seated ourselves on the turf and suffered a gentle melancholy to enter into our souls, nor could we check some involuntary tears; for the idea of a moment when perhaps we might behold these grottos for the laſt time, presented itself to our imagination. Thus we remained in silence, neither of us willing to change the tone of our minds or prevent the soft effusions of our sorrows till at length Nouronihar arose and seemed desirous to recover from this languor. She led me about a furlong by the river side till we ſtopped exactly opposite another range of cliffs perforated like the former into [a] variety of grottos and resiſting in the same manner the current of the great fall. After we had gazed as usual on the varied splendours they disclosed, I turned towards the Indian and demanded why these caves were desert when every other part of the plain teemed with life.

"They are by no means desolate except at certain hours when their inhabitants leave them to seek their paſture in the islands you have observed, whose

shores are crowded with herbs in which they particularly delight but liſten to that ſtrange murmur near the summit of the fall! Hark! what a bellowing! the sound increases."

I looked up whilſt she was speaking and beheld something clouded the ſtreams that were flowing over the higheſt declivities with unusual agitation. In an inſtant, shoals of monſtrous fish tumbled impetuously down the ſteeps and diving into the rivers below, disappeared almoſt as soon as I caught sight of them. These were immediately succeeded by a brood of uncouth creatures, in likeness to young elephants with the addition of fins. After these the tide rolled headlong down a motley collection of animals which with loud roarings sought the interior of the caverns and precipitated themselves with the ſtreams that poured tumultuously into the fissures. No sooner were they dispersed than the waters grew calm and descended with their usual smoothness. Then followed a very charming spectacle, for under the clear waves appeared many shapely animals sliding glibly down and haſtening to take possession of those banks, where the rainbows shone brighteſt. At the same time I remarked many flying fish whose transparent wings were tinged with silver darting before the entrance of the grots and fluttering round the plants beneath. Now every ſtream that fell from above brought with it new multitudes to feed on the plenty of the plain below and shortly after scarce a shell on the beach or a crevice in the rocks but swarmed with them. Every cove echoed with their noise and every hollow cavern reverberated a confusion of sounds. We now diſtinguished on the brink of diſtant fissures, crocodiles, whose eyes glared horribly and whose scales, reflecting every feeble ray of light, quivered thro' the gloom of their recluse

abodes and had not Nouronihar regarded them with pleasure rather than fear, I should have been dismayed. She perceived I was uncertain how to look upon them and bade me contemplate them with indifference as no animal, however terrible in mien, dared attack those protected by Moisasour; "but," added she, "my eyes never beheld such numbers before, descending with the floods and I believe they prognosticate the season of showers to be drawing near. Kelani has informed me that the arrival of such uncommon shoals denotes the approach of a period when the meteors will be obscured and the plain deluged with rains. Then strange monsters will range the valleys and others will issue from the gulphs and even from the great deep too horrible for mortal view. Let us retire then lest we should endure this inclement season and witness such ugly sights. Let us seek some sequestered cave remote from these peopled grottos and I will recount the tale of my misfortunes, and disclose the secret of my birth. Come, let us ascend yonder steps in the rock and I will shew thee a grotto hollowed by the dwarfs some ages ago at the desire of one of the Magi, a revered sage, whose wisdom entitled him to that initiation thy courage has obtained; but he entered not the sanctuary nor beheld the shrines for his heart sunk at the horrors of the whirlpool and fainted when he saw the phantoms that hover in the cavern of Fires. However Moisasour touched with his skill in sciences and the purity of his life, transported him to this valley and permitted him to converse with the beings thou hast seen. These gentle spirits tended him with affection and conducted him to all the grottos we beheld, shewed him the pleasant islands and discovered the most delightful spots they contain and, tho' he had not surmounted all the perils of initiation,

they communicated to him the swiftness of their motion and some of the secrets of their race. Here then he spent his days in tranquility and before his soul deserted its human frame, composed many excellent works, which our Beings ſtill meditate with satisfaction; but he never returned to communicate to mortals the wonders he had seen. But let us away and reach this solitude before the ſtorms descend. Look! the transparence of the atmosphere begins to be tarnished and the birds discontinue their song."

Nouronihar and myself glided away and in a moment reached the ſteps that were shaped curiously in the rock. After we had ascended several hundred we found a narrow path which led thro' a thicket of shrubs towards a green platform covered with plants bearing a red fruit, formed not unlike a pomgranate. We ſtopped a moment to gather some and then Nouronihar shewed me a wide fissure in the rock thro' which she passed and beckoned me to follow her. No sooner were we on the other side than she bade me pursue her ſteps thro' all the mazes of a wood which covered the sides of dangerous precipices and after conducting me over ledges of rude marble that lay in our way, she wound her course towards a promontory which bulged over our heads and ascending by some projections of the rock which had escaped my observation, arrived at its summit. I followed immediately after and attained the spot where she ſtood. It was wide, fertile and covered with a prodigality of herbs which, as I trod on them, sent forth an odour which perfumed the air. On the right of this level space grew several cocoa trees of a surprizing height and near them flourished a grove of palms resembling the Talipot of Ceylon. A ridge of perpendicular cliffs rose in front, totally

overspread by creeping plants forming a mantle of a thousand hues infinitely superior to the fineſt tapeſtry human ingenuity ever produced. Here were innumerable varieties unknown to our botaniſts and blooming with flowers of which they can conceive no idea. There might however be traced some small resemblance between the cereus and many of those that twined round these rocks and I think I may venture to pronounce them originally of the same species. These were mixed with an infinity of other sorts which, interlacing their tender ligaments, supported an incredible quantity of neſts sheltered by their blossoms and firmly secured by the spines to which they adhered. The birds were all hushed when we arrived and the animals were seeking a retreat as they seemed like ourselves under some presentiment of the approaching ſtorms. A herd of leopards had juſt retired into their dens and the deer were bounding over the platform we had left far below in search of a secure hiding place, when I said to Nouronihar:

"See how these animals are provident of security. Look how they haſten to their concealments. Does not an universal ſtillness prevail in the groves? What do we hear but the sound of feet lightly scudding along the lawns and the ruſtling of others in the foreſts? Have not the insects hid themselves in the bloom of this herbage, and why do not we also desert the open air and hurry towards the grotto thou haſt promised to discover to me?"

The Indian made no reply, but smiling on me began to move along by the cliffs and putting aside the luxuriant tufts of woodbines and convolvulus that obſtructed her passage disclosed the arched entrance of a cave. It was total darkness within and the gurgling of a fountain was faintly echoed by its

arches. Nouronihar ſtill holding up the tendrils of the plants that dangled in the way called me to enter and inſtantly I threw myself into the cavern and was juſt beginning to speak when she interrupted me by saying:

"And wouldſt thou inconsiderately plunge into those shades rashly forgetting we have no fruits on which to subsiſt or light to dispel the horror of this gloom?"

"Yet with thee, Nouronihar, I should be too happy even in...."

"Banish such extravagance and let me call the dwarfs Moisasour has commanded to obey me. They will inſtantly minister to our necessities and before a minute has passed rob the trees of their treasures and lay them at our feet."

So saying she lifted up her voice and exclaimed, "*Kerin-aina! Kerin-aina!*" and before she repeated these words a third time, twenty dwarfs like those I have described, appeared suddenly on the shagged summits of the cliffs and answered Nouronihar with a small shrill cry. Upon her waving her hand they caſt themselves with a surprizing leap on the branches of one of the talleſt cocoa trees and all together embracing the trunk slid down with inconceivable facility and presented themselves in a body before me. Nouronihar, looking on the diminutive group that were ſtanding with their arms folded in a poſture of humiliation, pointed to the meteors that were fading away, to the lowering sky, to the woods and to the cavern. No sooner had she made these signs than the dwarfs disappeared each by a different way; but shortly they were seen again running along the tops of trees swifter than my eye could follow them, now collecting fruit or flowers and now returning from their expedition loaded with pro-

visions. One bore a cluſter of cocoa nuts, another huge bundles of various fruits, a third haſtened to the cavern with branches of aromatic shrubs and a fourth issued from a crevice in the rocks with his hands full of something that caſt round it a vivid light. Now I diſtinguished a crackling like that of a fire in the cavern and saw something like tapers pass to and fro amongſt its shades. Next I heard a noise like the cleaving of wood and then I liſtened to the sound of a huge ſtone rolling down a precipice. Presently I heard a murmur in the grove and immediately after ten other dwarfs came from behind a thicket rolling a ſtone of so considerable a size that I am certain twelve mortals could not have moved it from its place, and yet these creatures put it in motion with the greateſt ease and brought it near the cavern's mouth without hardly any effort. After they had laid down the fragment, the cavern was filled with a buzzy hum that grew louder and louder till Nouronihar advancing to its entrance said something that made it cease, and speedily all the dwarfs within came out and sought once more the peaks from whence they had descended. The ten only remained who had brought the ſtone, and these retiring reſpectfully behind the mass left the open space before the grotto free.

My Indian now presented me her hand and said as she was leading me to the grotto; "At length we will retire and shelter ourselves in the abode prepared for our reception. Mark what a change has been wrought by the dwarfs. Observe the effects of their induſtry."

Nouronihar quitted my hand to examine if everything was rightly ordered whilſt I was loſt in admiration of the alteration that had taken place. Inſtead of a rugged cavern covered with sand and buried in

darkness, I beheld a spacious vaulted apartment hewn in a rock of yellow jasper and illuminated by a number of cryſtal lamps that hung from the roof and reflected a sort of evening light owing probably to the glowing colour of the sides of the cavern. At one end a wide arch discovered an interior grot of a circular form, in the midſt of which appeared a huge coffer of some precious wood and round it burnt a row of tapers of the pureſt white that diffused an agreeable odour thro' out all the cavern. The pavement was intirely covered with mats of the niceſt workmanship, on which some skilful artiſt had imitated fruits and flowers with so much success that at firſt sight they could not be diſtinguished from bunches of real ones that the dwarfs had scattered promiscuously about both apartments. A pile of aromatic wood, neatly cleft, was placed by the side of a cheerful fire, fed with the same fuel and three large baskets heaped with cocoa nuts and all the variety of fruits the valleys produced ſtood on the other side. The fountain I had heard in the dark trickled from a nook in the interior grot and was received in a cavity on the brink of which were placed a variety of clear cryſtal vases, some empty, others filled with cinnamon and wild roses in full bloom. I was admiring the cheerful air of the cave, the gay appearance of the flowers mixed with the vases, the lamps and the tapers, when a furious blaſt that had nearly extinguished the lights, called my attention to the entrance. The valley was no longer discernible. A thick darkness universally prevailed. Guſts of wind swept along the woods, whiſtled in the clefts of the rocks and ruſtled amongſt the leaves of the tall cocoa trees. Shortly after the ſtorm began to rattle amongſt the shrubs that covered the cliffs and the rain descended with such violence that I haſtened to

Nouronihar who was separating the different fruits and said to her, "Let me pile up those branches againſt the cavern's mouth, leſt the ſtorm invade our retirement and injure all the labours of the dwarfs."

"There is no need," answered the Indian, "as the dwarfs themselves will provide a remedy. For what purpose was the huge ſtone rolled from the cliffs but to fill the entrance to the grot and defend us from the ſtorms; but hark, they are rolling it along."

In reality the dwarfs who had retired behind the ſtone were actually moving it towards the grot and before I could reply to Nouronihar had placed it at the entrance so as entirely to close the aperture. Scarcely was it fixed when the roaring of the ſtorm grew fainter and fainter. Nothing could be heard but a ſtill shower. This tranquility was but of a short continuance for we were soon alarmed by hideous howlings and screams such as never before had reached my ears. What in any other situation would have filled me with apprehensions here conspired to complete my felicity. I found myself in a fair apartment ſtrangely characterized in all its circumſtances exhibiting all the plenty I could desire and in the intereſting society of the very person in whom I chiefly delighted. What cared I then for the havoc that reigned without, whilſt I possessed such treasures within and those with such perfect security; for such was the solidity of the fragment that defended the entrance of the grot that a deluge could hardly have injured it. I seemed ready in these moments to spend all my days within the narrow limits of this grotto and my heart was so overjoyed that with eyes o'erflowing with pleasure I turned to the Indian and exclaimed, "No! my fondeſt wishes never rose to such a measure of happiness! Am I then at length free to deliver myself up solely to thy converse, to

liſten but to thee, to regard with thee the same objects, to tread the same pavement and to share with thyself the security of this happy cavern? Let ſtorms rage in the plains, let torrents roll away the islands, let monſters of the great deep fill the valley with their cries! With whom do I exiſt but with thee, and for whom or for what should I mourn? What can affect us? were that arched roof to fall on our heads should we not die the same death and perhaps wander together thro' other worlds and admire their prodigies as we have delighted in those of the plain beneath? Let us then abandon ourselves to our exultations and whilſt we quaff the juice of the cocoa, liſten to the tempeſts and recount those we have passed."

Nouronihar heard my words with reciprocal delight. Her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure: she tripped lightly over the pavement and snatching a lute which hung on a branch of cryſtal answered me with a melody inspiring heroic ideas and calming the more ignoble transports of the mind. One moment her fingers running rapidly over the ſtrings awoke the moſt animating tones. Another moment they scarcely were seen to move; for bowing over her lute she seemed to pour forth her whole soul in melancholy measures that ſtole into my heart, filling it with a delightful sadness. As soon as she saw me dissolved into softness, she breathed a ſtrain of fire which wrapt me into such enthusiaſtic ecſtacies that I seemed to behold the spirits of the ſtars of which she sung, for her song was of diſtant worlds. At length consumed with the fervour of her sensations she languidly sunk on the carpet of flowers and reclining upon me fell into a gentle repose.

Notwithſtanding the profound silence I observed and the care I took not to diſturb her slumbers she

soon awoke and desired me to reach the baskets and the cryſtal vases. They were placed before her and we refreshed ourselves with the milk of cocoas and the juices of a thousand fruits. Our banquet ended, Nouronihar ran into the interior grot and opening the coffer returned with two large volumes covered with myſtic writings which she laid before me and seating herself by them began to explain their contents.

CETERA DESUNT

LIBER VERITATIS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
§ i. Female Nobility	93
§ ii. Record of some of the less brilliant alliances of some of the English nobility and their immediate connections	111
§ iii. Further records	119
Appendix A. Notes on Apothecaries	141
B. Liber Veritatis: First draft	143
Editor's Notes	149

N.B. The notes at the foot of several pages
are the author's

§ i. FEMALE NOBILITY

THE following odds and ends, scraps, fragments were suggeſted by a peerage book which came forth a few years ago ascribed to the Misses Innes of —, I recollect not of what ilk. It was in fact compiled I have been assured by E. Lodge, Esq. Clarenceux King of Arms, an author more remarkable for general good writing than heraldic accuracy.

Our female nobility have shewn themselves in repeated inſtances moſt condescendingly ready to marry any person of tolerable subſtance and decent or even indecent manners who might fancy they acquired a sort of éclat by marrying them. Some of these Ladies have beſtowed their hands upon commoners with very uncommon names. Lady Grace Stratford, daughter of the firſt Earl of Aldborough of a moſt ſtupendously ancient family since he was the 39th in lineal descent from Edward Stratford (so the Misses Innes assure us, vol. 1, p. 27) who lived in the days of Alfred, married the Rev. Hayes Quead (vol. 1, p. 26). Harriet Hobart, a granddaughter of an Earl of Buckinghamshire, it is to be hoped made Jasper Scityon Hagerman of Denmark Esquire perfectly happy. Lady Mary Julian Maitland became the spouse of Mr Thomas Hogg. In that entertaining work entitled "My Pocket Book," (which so effectually cut up Sir John Carr as a Tour monger), a swinging Sow is sentimentally addressed, Ah Juliana! Would it be presumptuous to conjecture that this elegant name beſtowed in so novel a manner bore any allusion to the happy union of Mr and Lady Juliana Hogg?

Our fair compileresses (fair at leaſt in an engaging point of view we ought gallantly to suppose them) have, with their wonted indulgence to consequential personages, connected the family of the Spencer who purchased Althorp, with the noble Despencers at the time of the Conqueſt, a descent which if not very probable, owing to a few intervening clouds and puzzling circumſtances, is not absolutely impossible, but which no able or conscientious Genealogiſt can allow to have been proved or authenticated. Lady Charlotte Spencer, ſiſter of the present ingenious Duke of Marlborough, married Edward Nares, D.D. and her daughter by the aforesaid gentleman is married to her cousin Lord George Henry Spencer, so the Spencers or Despencers (juſt as you please) have the honour of being doubly connected with the immediate relatives of my good old Music Maſter Doctor Nares, a sound composer (if you happened to be the leaſt in the world disposed to fall asleep), a scientific Organiſt and a very painstaking teacher of Boys of H.M.'s Chapel royal.— Lady Amelia, another ſiſter, became the wife of Henry Pytches (or piteous) Boyce Esqr., with whose ſtock I confess myself perfectly unacquainted.

The maternal origin of the late Earl of Abingdon was delightfully musical; La Signorina Collins professed the science of sweet sounds with much success before she became Countess of Abingdon. So did her Ladyship's brother, his Lordship's uncle, a tall, sallow Italian coſtumed like the portraits of Corelli and whom I remember perfectly well visiting my mother more than half a century ago, in the capacity of her teacher of the Guitar. This respectable Lutaniſt and one of the very laſt of that intereſting tribe of Serenaders had a niece, the Lady Elizabeth Bertie, who proved her sincere desire of encouraging

the elegant arts by taking as a Husband an admirable artiſt in his walk, my moſt eſteemed and right entirely approved dancing Maſter, Signor Gallini, afterwards Sir John. Providence did not however smile upon this union which could only be called one by courtesy or like *Lucus a non Lucendo*: for of all the ſteps poor Gallini had taken this was the one with which he had the less reason to be charmed. His pleasant home once so lively with the notes of the harmless kit and good humoured fiddle, now reechoed the shriller accents of her Ladyship's tongue and the victim of this shrewish clatter has often been heard to declare in the anguish of his heart that should heaven be pleased to remove his Rt. Honble. Consort no consideration upon earth should ever engage him again to take another Lady Betty to his legal embraces.

Certainly in this inſtance the dancing saloon cannot be quoted as having proved the source of connubial happiness. The Theatre has been more propitious. Obrien, formerly one of its diſtinguished ornaments and who was married to Lady Suzan Fox Strangways, turned out as agreeable an actor in genteel comedy off as on the ſtage; and Beard, a fine deeptoned manly singer, the delight of Sadler's Wells in the laſt century, made Lady Harriet Waldegrave an excellent husband.

To that much enduring Class the Inſtructors of Youth, commonly called Tutors and sometimes Dispensers of the Birch, two of our great Ladies have shewn every encouragement in their power. The Duchess Dowager of Leinſter secured for life the attentions of the Rev. Mr. Ogilvy who had for several preceding years diffused the blessings of Latin and of Greek in her Grace's family, and the Lady Charlotte Campbell plighted her faith to the

Rev. Mr. Bary no doubt as the reward of his pure and exemplary conduct during some hard service as the superintendant of her son's education.

A country like ours derives its moſt solid support from mercantile exertions. It is quite grateful therefore to record how sensible our noble fair have shewn themselves to this important truth and how willingly they have surmounted all ariſtocratic prejudices and without a shadow of intereſted motives joined hands with many and many a deserving commercial young man. The great Houses of Whitbread and of Baring as well as the house of Hob have been all blessed with noble alliances; but where shall we meet with a more patriotic act of condescension, a higher sense of induſtrious merit than the Lady Jane Lennox has displayed by consenting to become the progenitress of a race of Peels who it may be hoped will unite the well working qualities of their paternal anceſtors with the *virtues* and *graces* of the Lennoxes and the Gordons? The semi-royal Dukes of Richmond and the of times paſt resolute and rantipole Duchess of York, grandmother to my Lady Jane and so famous for a knack of her daughter's, might not have warmly approved of this alliance, might have thought it perhaps a little too much out of kind. In their days we were not so far advanced in the abnegation of all eſtablished prejudices.

At this moment, no one is in the leaſt aſtonished that the daughter of Dukes and Princes should have married Mr. Lawrence Peel, a son of the inventor of spinning Jennies, one of the brighteſt examples which in this land of commercial greediness so often attends ingenious mechanical speculations though productive of incalculable misery to the wretches they thruſt out of employ and for whom Sir Robert

Peel (their former companion) might be supposed to have entertained a livelier *fellow* feeling.

The Ladies Jane Eliza Moore and Alicia Kennedy have also entered into this fortunate House of Induſtry and given their fair, ſoft hands to the hardy relatives of the above mentioned laborious Baronet.

Human annals have, we well know, ever displayed all things by turns and nothing long, for wonders, the old saying tells us, only laſt nine days. At the period, when it took place, few matrimonial events ever excited a broader ſtare of surprise (a more thorough conviction among the higher circles that it could never be forgotten) than the quite unexpected union of a Sir Hugh Smithson with the Lady Elizabeth Seymour, Heiress by her paternal grandmother of all the blood and what moſt think a great deal more essential, all the commanding, territorial possessions of the illuſtrious Percies. This Sir H. Smithson's arms were granted to his paternal great grandfather and his brother Bernard Smithson, apothecary: but to prepare becomingly for the splendid event of his moſt prosperous match Sir Hugh dropped his own scurvy scrap of blazonry in the firſt puddle, which in his joy he skipped over, abjured his plebeian name, borrowed My Lady's rich armorial petticoat to cover his nakedness, put off the old Adam and was born anew,—a Percy by act of parliament!

The grandson of this metamorphosed personage is the present Duke of Northumberland, whom the scurrilous press (to their shame let it be noted) appear to have taken a sort of depraved delight in holding up to the public gaze in the character of Duke Smithson, at the period too of his splendid and generous embassy to the Coronation of Charles the Tenth. Ridiculous German Barons, your Fund-

grubens Stinkenheims and Puffingdorfs, or perhaps a few genealogical Fanatics in all parts of Europe, may possibly ſtill curl up their envious and snuffy noses at unequal marriages, but all sound and sober Reasoners cannot but approve the Lady Elizabeth Seymour's choice of a very personable Man, for such was the 1ſt Duke of Northumberland of the Smithson dynaſty. A handsome figure muſt be allowed to offer no unwarrantable excuse for a great Lady choosing her companion from a Class in Society inferior to her own.

The attraction too of a soldierly air and martial accoutrement has not been unfelt by our titled Ladies, several of their rank having united themselves to penniless and obscurely born officers both commissioned and non-commissioned. Even privates have been drawn from the ranks by the discriminating eye of these rt. hble. females and promised in face of the altar to be by their sweet Ladyships cherished, honoured and obeyed. Nothing more juſt; nothing more natural; who better than the brave deserve the fair? Yet the Army and Navy should not be allowed to have all those prizes to themselves. Exclusions are not to be commended, but I don't know that they can be much complained of: the nuptial favours of the Lady this and the Lady t'other have been diffused pretty universally. Not only Leaden Hall has sent forth its Sykes, and its Rumbolds to make high matches but Apothecarys Hall has had its turn. It cannot be said that our noble Ladies have neglected to reward the often long tried and assiduous services of their medical confidants with the sun shine of their connubial smiles.

Lady Caroline Keppel (aunt to the Duke of Bedford) married Mr. Adair, a skilful and amiable surgeon, two qualities not always united. Lady

Lucy Rachel Stanhope was particularly recommended by her liberal minded father to the matrimonial attentions of Tho. Taylor Esqr. whom I have heard much praised as a proficient in the use of the Mortar and a good Expounder of Medicine, though at that time he happened to be ungraduated.

Sir Richard Gammon, no descendant of the House of Bacon as his name might seem to indicate, but in his day a person of high buſtle and some importance, though no Apothecary himself, was at leaſt the son of a reſpectable Member of that fraternity of Cow Lane, Smithfield, and in the very face and front of pride and prejudice had the honour of calling a brace of Duke his brothers in law, his ſiſter being Duchess of Chandos, mother of the Duchess of Buckingham, and his wife, the Lady Amelia Sophia Murray, daughter of the Duke of Athol.

Doctor Sir Lucas Pepeys was the consort of a Countess of Rothes, Doctor Sir Wm. Duncan of one of the proudeſt and leaſt unbending of her Station or Sex; Lady Mary Tufton, the descendant of the Savilles and the Cliffords and the Tudors had a something so mural in her ſtern presence that she looked like a fortification. She was carried however to the surprise even of her pulse-feeling beleaguerer, who one morning being seized hold of by her powerful arm was led to a Bible lying open at that passage where Nathan saith unto David "Thou art the man." The Doctor took the hint and became one of the leaſt independant of husbands. Not a great many years before this occurrence, the Heiress of the ancient race of the Doddington married her faithful apothecary, a rural practitioner of the name of Bubb. From this snug union proceeded the celebrated Lord Melcombe, whom that grand

maſter of cutting irony the great Chatham used to call Silly Bubb Doddington from his supposed brother. Jeremiah Bubb, the father of this noble Lord, put forth no pretentions to pedigree that ever I heard of, and the Heiress of the Doddingtons, according to heraldic Gospel was decidedly misallied.

Yet there have been Apothecaries in this ailing world of far higher lineage than the noble Ladies they married. Sylveſter Douglas afterwards Lord Glenbervie, who eſpoused the Lady Catherine Anne North, may be quoted as a ſtriking example of the truth of this aſſertion. None of his fellow apprentices, several of whom have been since diſtinguished *tam marte quam mercurio*, rolled calomel into pills or applied the peſtle to the mortar to better purpose. Arrived at maturer age, and having abandoned his firſt employments and taken to the bar and the Senate, he worked out his filiation from the Earls of Angus with equal aſſiduity; but neither the display of family grandeur, nor literary talents, by no means contemptible, nor place, nor pomp, nor circumſtance could prevent certain malicious satyriſts from ſquirting their venom at this accomplished Man, and immortalizing his early labours in a ſmart ſort of jingling Doggerel that promiſes to laſt full as long as the memory of the political bickerings which inſpired it. A great many Readers will recollect a vile lampoon in the Antijacobin beginning

> Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
> What's good for the ſcurvy, etc.

but was that a queſtion at all fitting to be put either in proſe or verſe to ſo diſtinguiſhed a Nobleman? Was it decent to remind him of the Galipot, because in early youth he happened to have been initiated into its myſteries? Such hackneyed gibes are unworthy of publication and deſerve to fall back on

their authors like the recoil of a bad gun or the contents of another tube when bunglingly administered.

Jokes of so ſtale a nature are getting faſt out of season. The Era is drawing on when the healing science will meet with profound reſpect inſtead of ridicule. Buffoons and Caricaturiſts will themselves be caricatured and laughed at till Caricature shall be no more. The art of adminiſtering to the prolongation of Life will rank above all others: for in proportion as the cure of *souls* is neglected or ill paid, —which is not unlikely to be the case in the course of much less than a century,—the cure of *bodies* will become the predominant order of that brilliant day. Sunday and daily schools, our expanding colleges, our increasing universities will teach us to value solid acquirements especially such as may truly be said to be of vital importance. Trivial amusements will cease to usurp a rank to which they are not entitled. The warbling Nymphs of the Theatre, future Patrons of future Stephenses, will remain wedded to the public at large, as they should be, and not monopolised by selfish admirers, or lured from the ſtage to be pent up in Cages, capped with Coronets. Every kind of exclusive syſtem, reserved seats and pews and private boxes will be done away with. Universal toleration will produce in process of time not only universal suffrage, but universal simplicity of manners. The nonsense of poetry will be scouted; Lord Byron despised and Doctor Kitchiner venerated; and the knowledge of real and not imaginary qualities duly and worthily appreciated. The culinary Artiſt, no longer a careless slut, but one who puts neither a grain of salt or a clove of garlic too much or too little in her condiments and the Cathartic Adept, no longer a mercenary quack or licensed poisoner, but one who measures out unadulterated

drugs with mathematical exactness, will be invited to fill the higheſt ſtations. Then indeed every lady will be proud to marry her Apothecary and every Lord his Cook maid.—We shall then see premiums given by the ſtate and orders more splendid than even the Guelphic or the Sonian, diſtributed among persons of dignified rank who may set so salutary an example.

The happy results of such wise and reasonable Unions would be incalculable, and without giving in to the wild or the fantaſtic the reſtoration of the golden age might be looked for; not the paradise of half crazed poets, where myriads of loungers, naked as the back of my hand, saunter about under palms or fruit trees doing nothing, but a blessed ſtate of things surpassing the reveries of Owen where people with decency in their minds, and clothed with righteousness inſtead of leaves or garments will be doing a great deal and all to some sound purpose. "*Jam nova progenies*" (one of Virgil's psalms) will be sung in full chorus by blooming Brides and hearty Bridegrooms. A very different set of Mortals indeed from the present nonsensical race of Chriſtians as Dr. Graham called us all in his placards and invitations to the Temple of Hymen and Coeleſtial Bed.

Much may be achieved by skilful practitioners for the amelioration of our species and when more practitioners shall become Lords and Maſters, the participators of great fortunes and the Consorts of the higheſt Ladies, we shall have a right to expect every physical as well as moral good. An accomplished Apothecary should be also a bit of an Accoucheur. My Lady cries out—her husband is at hand—he slips on his bed gown—in a twinkling he enters my Lady's chamber—he aids, he assiſts and all difficulties being conquered, he presents

himself and his Consort with a Thumping Boy, perfectly well born according to the non-artificial acceptation of the term. (Can there be any art more important, than that of bringing us well into the world and keeping us so, by pill and precept, when we have entered it?) *Ergo*, physicians should be considered as all in all.

"*Nous n'existons qu'une fois*"—said the pseudo-philosophers, the execrable sophists of the French Satanic school. We are not yet, thank God, sufficiently over-educated to adopt such maxims; but it cannot be concealed that our free and easy times are beginning to look, if not straight forward, at least rather squintingly that frightful way. Hence the impatience of all religious restrictions and the marked dislike of so many lax protestants to the severer discipline of the Catholic Church.

Spiritualities are fast getting out of vogue. Church rates and Tithes and Easter offerings are becoming absolutely loathsome. In the course of a few more years of general instruction, the Lords temporal may possibly remain a little longer, but on the hierarchical benches, a full wigged row of Lords physical will be securely bottomed—whilst their Rt. Revd. predecessors, sent with moderate stipends to tend, not steer, their sheep, will be graciously allowed to enjoy themselves at leisure in the Country, should any such place as was formerly known by that appellation remain unbuilt upon.

But we must not suffer ourselves to be so far rapt in to the glories of future times as to remain insensible to the humbler merits of the present. What our great Ladies have done in favour of the sons of Esculapius has been clearly proved. To mark down those who have more particularly distinguished themselves, to point them out with a finger (that

ought upon so auspicious an occasion to be decorated with a milk white cameo—*albo notatus lapillo*) becomes a duty, and it would be committing an act of injuſtice not to hold up Baroness Howe as an example *peculiarly* worthy of the warmeſt praise.

That conspicuous Patroness of Medical talent has raised to her lofty bed an experienced Oculiſt, Jonathan Wathen Phipps, and as a proper ſtep to this elevation moſt judiciously procured him to be decorated with a Baronetcy and the poetical name of Waller*. Had her Ladyship's influence but extended to the gift of a Guelphic Star how many ſtill wiser men than Sir Jonathan would have been attracted to her shrine! Let no one deny that the noble Daughters of the peerage, who foſter incipient as well as mature abilities—Nurses both wet and dry—ought to be venerated as Contributoresses to the public weal. It is indeed a grateful and pleasing task, a labour of Love, to turn up and recapitulate the evidences already produced in favour of their patriotic conduct. In order also to be convinced at one glance how closely the professions of Medicine and Pharmacy have allied themselves with the higheſt rank and Station, one need only ask a few plain queſtions.

Who was the father of the great Sidmouth, sometime prime Miniſter? An *Apothecary*. Who the honoured parent of the Countess of Weſtmorland, sometime Lady Privy Seal? Huck Saunders, Esqre. *M.D.*

Who but an *Apothecary ab ovo*, an efficient working apothecary was Lord Glenbervie?

* Autograph of Sir Ralph Bigland, Garter:

"As Waller's arms on Phipps's coach passed by
Some wag exclaimed 'By God, 'tis all my eye,'"

alluding to Sir Jonathan Wathen Phipps' former profession, that of an oculiſt.

To whom was Sir Richard Gammon, the Duchess of Buckingham's Uncle, endebted for those means, which firſt enabled him to match ſo high and buſtle thro' life ſo ſucceſſfully? Why, to his Father—an *Apothecary*.

Who procreated the famous Bubb Doddington Baron of Melcombe Regis?—Jeremiah Bubb, an *Apothecary*.

Who did the patriotic Earl of Stanhope ſelect as the worthieſt husband for his virtuous daughter?—Mr. Thomas Taylor, an *Apothecary*.

Who was brother and co-grantee of armorial bearings to the firſt Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart. the direct paternal anceſtor of the present Duke of Northumberland? Bernard Smithson, another Apothecary.

With whom did the Co-heiress of the late Lord Mornington's elder brother prefer being moſt private and confidential according to the rules of the Church? A smug and truſty personage of the name of Glover—I remember him well—an Apothecary.

There are, I believe, but few noble families in the United Kingdom who have not the honour to boaſt of medical connections. Numerous inſtances might ſtill be adduced in corroboration of what has been already advanced upon this subject, were it essential to run on the scent any longer. But quite sufficient has already been noticed to impress the minds of youth with facts the moſt encouraging and indiſpensable.

Yes, and I glory in repeating it, the healing science in all its branches has received the ſtimulation it deserves from the faireſt ornaments of the Creation.

Chemiſts as learned as the moſt excellent Omfre davi (so directed to by an Italian better acquainted

with the works of that great man than with his name), nimble Chirurgeons, spreaders of softening plaisters, mollifiers of bunnions, deliverers from the leaſt elegant and moſt loathsome of Egyptian plagues*, allayers of every kind of pruriency, moderators of the too rapid bravura of the northern violin, givers of soothing syrups, removers of freckles, tetters and all unseemly heat, the bosom friends of Beauty and her beſt defenders, exclaiming, "Begone, pimples," and not a pimple ventures to peep, chancellors of Nature's own Exchequer, tellers of every plant that sips the dew and of every herb that comes to Covent Garden, gentle souls, obliging Handmen, humane dispensers of salutiferous juices in all shapes and by every variety of lenient conveyance, all such as these have been and cannot be admitted to an intercourse too close or conſtant with their lovely patients. Let, therefore, connections, so truly cosmetic and beneficial, continue to be legalised and sanctified as often as possible.

We have now seen how genially Heaven appears to have smiled upon many and many a high born Lady and her elected, medical help-mate. It has been demonſtrated how fully the efforts of these persuasive Gentlemen have been crowned with success. It is also delightful to ſtate that if the diſtillers of herbs have been made happy in a manner of all others the moſt rapturous, the practical

* An ill bred plague of this nature had the insolence to annoy much too monſtrously the Lady Elizabeth Seymour, Duchess of Northumberland in a moſt humiliating degree, now had that illuſtrious Lady inſtead of marrying the great great nephew of an Apothecary shared all her wealth and honour with an acting member of that fraternity, how soothingly might her sufferings have been alleviated by the hourly grateful attentions of the Husband, the Apothecary and the Friend!

Cultivators of those herbs have at leaſt in one moſt conſpicuous inſtance earned a similar reward. The honourable Harriet Evelyn Leslie, afterwards Lady Harriet, afterwards in her own right Countess of Rothes, slipped out of a boarding school, in that formerly sweet place called Lisson Grove, into the arms of George Gwyther Nephew to Jenkins, the Horticulturiſt in the New road, and at that period a very active young Man, quite as familiar with turning up the ground as Adam of Paradise, our common Anceſtor. I wish I could add that the cultivation of so fair a flower as Rothessia elegans had done honour to the gardener; but to speak truth —the contrary was the case—

> Fill your glasses, says John Bull—
> Now's the time to sport and play
> Fill your glasses night and day—

A boire, mes Amis—versons, versons. Versate noctурna manu versate diurna, says a convivial French macaronic Latiniſt. Precisely what occurred in the Academic Grove of Lisson. An immoderate absorption of Liquid in the space of not many years carried off the Countess, and her Spouse, who had recommended, and followed himself with dauntless perseverance this syſtem of super-irrigation, has lately departed to knock at the door of that better world, where the thirſty shall cease from drinking and the labourer be at reſt; but with which only pure and refined spirits ought to hope for admittance, unless by special permit. This Mr. Gwyther who had taken the name and arms of Leslie was a light, little Man in his time with a wheedling tone of voice, and manners not ungentle. May the Earth lie lightly over him.

We have now attempted, as far as lies in our humble power, to do juſtice to the able profession of

pharmacy and to the cultivators who aſſiſt plants and herbs to flourish. Let us next offer our meed of applause to those clever induſtrious maidens, who prepare the treasures of the vegetable world by culinary process. Ought not the nourishers of exiſtence to exiſt in our recollection? Would it not be productive of great public good to recommend the higheſt possible encouragement to be given such virtuous young women as devote themselves to the sacred kitchen fire? Let them receive in the intervals of their useful avocations every refinement of education that can possibly be imagined and be thus fitted to perform an exalted part on the upper floors of life. When the germ of inſtruction, now scattered in all directions, attains maturity, the moſt noble and Rt. Honble. personages of that enlightened period, ſtripped to their very skins of every prejudice, will see and know their beſt intereſts—when they do. Young Lords will select their wives from the kitchen in preference to the theatre—and in lieu of a fine vapoury Lady, who fumes and frets away her hours upon the ſtage, expand to all its vicissitudes, secure the hand and heart of a more secluded lonely being, who spares no pains to merit the chaſte love of her wedded Lord by the confection of all that can beſt excite and gratify a virtuous lawful appetite. O blessed memory of Dr. Kitchiner, ableſt of preceptors in the peptic line and moſt delicious of authors upon savoury subjects! No man was a keener judge of the good things of this wicked world than that true philosopher. Not one of the sages of Antiquity we have been taught to venerate deserves, better than him, the freedom of Citizenship of Elysium. We seem almoſt to behold his intereſting shade in a visionary grove of spice trees holding out like another Paris, not the golden apple of discord,

but a force meat ball of superior size and zeſt, to the beatified elect of the ſtewpot, to the truly excellent Mrs Coutts*, mother of the Ladies Bute, Guildford, and Burdett, to Alice Sparkes, the beloved anceſtress of the Bridgewater Egertons, and to the much noted Jack Shephard's faithful companion†, whom the Marchioness of Hertford and Lady William Gordon daughters of her daughter the Viscountess Irvine ought to glory in calling their honoured Grand mother. Ah, why did not the oracle of cooks and the author of the Cook's Oracle leave the name and arms of Kitchiner accompanied by a handsome legacy to some proved descendant of the bright examples of culinary service we have juſt mentioned, as a badge of their proficiency and to mark what ought never to be suffered to float down the ſtream of time with as little regret as turnip tops or cucumber parings? There is something delightful in the remembrance of these cookly characters and in thinking of their pies, puddings and dainty dishes till the heart gladdens and the mouth waters,—which is far from being the case when we submit to the dull task of

* I don't know that in some cases there is anything to ſtare at in a decent householder's marrying his Cook; in some Houses the number of ſteps between the drawing room and the kitchen are not considerable. When Coutts the Banker thought it expedient to repair to the altar with a well tried domeſtic friend, who had been long in the habit of contributing to his comfort, who had right to wonder or complain? Certainly not the titled ladies, who although their birth may not be ſtyled exactly regular, might possibly not have been born at all, had it not been for this happy conjunction.

† I rather think she has been called Cook erroneously. Whether she presided over the Stove or the Washtub is not clear, but the fact of her residence with Mr. Shepherd in some very useful, domeſtic capacity is indisputable; hence people have supposed that she turned her hand to anything.

recording that the Lady Jane Murray, sifter to the Lady Amelia Sophia Gammon and to the Duke of Atholl, took up with a Mr Muirhead, or Miss Gordon, niece of the Earl of Aberdeen, with Mr Coutts Trotter afterwards Sir Coutts*, or Miss Hamilton (the younger great grand daughter of Wm. and Anne Duke and Duchess of Hamilton) with Holman the player, or that the Lady Georgiana Walpole is gone a missioneering to Paleſtine as the helpmate of a converted jew, or that another jewel of the holy land, the Lady Heſter Stanhope, *dans l'embarras des richesses* has not yet known how to fix . . . .

Many more high sounding names might swell the catalogue, were it desirable to increase its extent, but quite a sufficient number have been marshalled to prove the aimiable liberality which our Ladies Patronesses of professional merit in the moſt delightful variety of branches have displayed. Actors, Singers, Dancers, Gardeners, may boaſt their share of the warmeſt conubial encouragement from the loftieſt quarters as well as Doctors of Physick, Tutorly Divines, Soldiers of fortune, enterprising Merchants, wealthy Brewers, gentle Oculiſts, and tidy Apothecaries. All the red books and peerage books of the laſt and present centuries bear evidence to this assertion. Any further effort to eſtablish what has already been demonſtrated, be idle and nugatory.

* This fortunate personage espoused Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Alexander Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen. Now had Sir Coutts paid his addresses to this lady before the troubled times of the French Revolution and his uncle's sudden elevation to extraordinary wealth it may be doubted whether they would have met with very warm encouragement—for so slender are said to have been his resources in the earlier part of his commercial career that had he then proposed to a "Wha' wants me" upon credit, he might very possibly have been rejected.

§ ii. RECORD OF SOME OF THE LESS BRILLIANT ALLIANCES OF SOME OF THE ENGLISH NOBILITY AND THEIR IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS

HAVING paid our devoirs to the Ladies, let us introduce a sprinkling of noble Lords with a few records of their more curious and less brilliant alliances and some mention of those of a similar ſtamp formed by some of their immediate connections.

6 March 1829.

The world has almoſt forgotten and it matters little were it ever remembered that the late imperious Marquess of Abercorn's mother was the *illegitimate* offspring of Mrs. Bracegirdle an actress and Mr. Secretary Craggs, who was himself the *legitimate* Son of a village Barber. With such an origin on what has been often called the safeſt side, it is no wonder that the lofty Marquess affected to make slight of maternal anceſtors, and has often been heard to say that he could not conceive why people should take the trouble of thinking or caring about who happened to have been their mothers. Happy would it be, were it possible to banish from all recollection the too seductive Enchantress Sir William Hamilton so far forgot himself as to marry, the termagent caſt off miſtress of his own nephew, the boon promotress of tipsy revels, the Circe, who transformed into *tame* Boars so many gallant, *wild* young officers, the prime manager of the capitulation so shamefully violated at Naples, the ready inſtrument of a ruthless Queen's atrocities, the Cleopatra who proved the bane of our moſt triumphant admiral and fixed a foul and sanguine spot upon his glorious memory.

The newly acknowledged Earl of Devon's Mother, Fanny Clack, owed her birth to a publican at Wallingford whose sign at leaſt displayed the symbol of innocence, for it was the sign of the Lamb. Honeſt Tom Clack was blessed with several lovely daughters and being of a kind disposition was well known to indulge his cuſtomers, especially the young members of the neighbouring University with whatever they liked beſt that his home afforded.

It may possibly ſtill be to some though not to all an intereſting reflection, a grateful remembrance of "auld lang syne," that the mild blood of this very accommodating man now flows in the veins of the Somersets, Annesleys, Vaughans, and other noble descendants of the Siſters of the present Earl of Devon.

Who has not heard of Melonia, widow Coutts and Duchess of St. Albans, that spirited great personage, Autocratess of Madeira, Countess of Nantz and Baroness Cogniac,—who as well as the late more severely virtuous Countess of Derby, the less oftener engaged in her time, but ever engaging Miss Brunton, Countess Dowager of Craven, and some other peeresses of equal celebrity we all know walked the ſtage for several years to the delight both of ruſtic and metropolitan audiences.

4 March 1832.

One too of our brighteſt patterns of elegance, high in the ranks of the ſtate and ſtill higher in those of fashion, has at length, after a gay flutter from flower to flower, placed himself upon a solid matrimonial footing with a delightful actress, whose experience in the practise of every virtue consiſtent with her agreeable mode of life has been long notorious. This charming public character during

the earlier part of her professional labours has not been supposed to have enjoyed all the happiness she deserved and so frequently imparted. The walls of a Baronial Caſtle and the boudoir of a less patrician residence have but too often echoed her juſt complaints, but her days of uncertainty and apprehension are paſt, her trials of *all kinds* are at an end. We hear of nothing *now*, but the sweetness and propriety with which she presides at the head of her Consort's family, and the future Earls of Harrington (if we should be worth any Lords or Earls 20 or 30 years hence) will feel proud to acknowledge the warm-hearted Maria Foote as their progenitress.

The disguſting proceedings, swearings of all colours, provings and disprovings, buttings and rebuttings in the rank case of Mary Cole Countess of Berkeley have been dragged quite often enough before the public to require any further commentary, nor is it worth remarking that the Mother of the present motley race of the Fitzhardings, the befores and the afters—the peer by erection and the peer by hereditary right, swells the list of peeresses, who have added more charms than dignity to their ſtation.

6 March 1832.

Pennant tells us in his entertaining quarto about London that the City may boaſt a very high honour in a genealogical point of view since one of its magiſtrates Alderman Boleyn was great grand father to Queen Elizabeth. Adopting a similar line of expression we may ſtoutly aver that amidſt the crowd of illuſtrious descendants from dramatic performers the ſtage may principally glorify itself for having suſtained on its boards the Mother of George Canning.

In healthier days before the smoke of gas-works and gigantic breweries had tarnished the bright green fields in the vicinity of the metropolis, Islington was a pleasant village. There ſtood White Conduit House with its tea-gardens, its Tap, and all its conveniences. To that cheerful spot not unfrequently resorted, I have been told, a very deserving young Man called Canning and also a pleasing young Woman, whose maiden name, I muſt confess, has glided from my memory. The amiable couple felt ſtrongly attracted to each other; they looked, they smiled, they danced and were happy together. In process of time their mutual attachment was legalized and the fruit of that union became prime miniſter of England. Mrs Canning did not long enjoy her connubial happiness: domeſtic circumſtances of a ſtraightening nature obliged her to accept a theatrical engagement. One at leaſt of her benefits is upon record; I have seen the play-bill.

After the decease of her firſt husband she married Reddish the player, and becoming a widow for the second time, a person of the name of Hunn. Hence one of Peter Pindar's moſt impudent flashes of merriment—

> I met Mother Hunn in the park
> The Dam of our great Miſter Canning
> With her daughter as blithe as a Lark
> perspiring and fanning.

You did not mind this despicable Doggerel, moſt truly reſpectable matron. Conscious of having aſſiſted by the beſt means in your power the education of your glorious Son, you enjoyed the little snug pension he procured for you and your fortunate brood with ease and no doubt a sort of dignity. Well you might. The talents of George Canning were of the brighteſt order, and their cultivation not less

remarkable. People puffed up with antiquated prejudices may sneer, if they please, but as long as genius has worshippers, the refined, the intellectual will bow low at the shrine of Canning and be even persuaded that the daughter of such a man ſtooped when she married the Marquess of Clanricarde. One line from the pen of the author of the nobleſt orations and the livelieſt morsels of wit in the English language is worth all the De Burgs ever produced, Hubert the grand Justiciary and his regency included.

April 10, 1829.

What a treasure of charms, of song, of joy and of profit into the bargain did Lord W. Lennox possess, during that fortunate period when he reigned the *legitimate* disposer of the talented Miss Paton! How preferable, how secure a speculation of so pleasing a nature, to the bulbuls of Tampico or Real de Monte! What an intrinsically valuable mine, which having been sanctified in private by the benediction of the Church, was kept working away by the proprietor to the infinite delight of the public and his own especial advantage. It was then that the ſturdy elm inſtead of keeping up its wedded vine was itself not only clasped round, but supported by the moſt delicate tendrils and every play-goer who paid his shilling or shillings to enter the bower of bliss for the time being, that is to say the theatre, had the comfort to reflect that his humble quota contributed to the *maintenance of one noble Lord the more, and his small children.*

BATH

The elder hope of the Thynne family cannot be accused of any puritanical scruples or rooted intereſt in his choice of a connubial partner. Lady Viscountess Weymouth is rich in only personal attractions;

her father Thomas Robbins (one of the Misses Innes' Inquiry—see vol. 1, p. 74) is not supposed to have beſtowed upon her Ladyship too ſtrict or confined an education; the freſheſt air and moſt unconfined exercise are said to have imparted to her cheek the lovelieſt bloom that could possibly be desired.

9 March 1832.

"*Touts les goûts sont dans la nature, le meilleur eſt celui qu'on a,*" so professes many a free and easy French Sophiſt of the modern Satanic school. Mr. Mellish the great Carcass butcher is decidedly of that opinion and follows the bent of his earlier years with the keeneſt assiduity. I cannot pretend to say whether he tucks up his sleeves and bares his arms for the executive part of his business, but it is well known that on promising Smithfield days he drives down in his handsome carriage to the market, and there, with a Maſter's eye and judicious feeling, selects and handles the animals beſt fitted for his purpose. His daughter a sweet young woman educated with the utmoſt refinement and delicacy far from scenes of slush, and of filth, and of garbage, has recently beſtowed her hand and with it, no inconsiderable portion of her induſtrious father's wealth, upon Lord Edward Thynne duely in succession, should Lord Weymouth have no children, to the Marquessate of Bath. Families are too apt to boaſt of the Generals and Admirals they have produced, and who, after all, are such worthies? the hired slaughterers of their own species. Surely therefore, if we consider things in their true light, the future descendants of Lord Edward and his accomplished consort will look back with a purer satisfaction to the line of their good, plain, butcherly Anceſtors, guiltless at leaſt of shedding human blood.

April 1834.

This eminent monopoliser of Oxen, this consummate judge of living meat and purveyor of fat carcases to the royal navy, this man of feeling in one sense of the word, for in the judicious handling of Cows and Calves we know he had few equal, this fortunate and most opulent Government Contractor died a few months ago. His remains were interred in the family vault at *Wapping* (see all the Newspapers of Feb. 1834) and moſt decorously followed to the grave by some of the Animals his enormous wealth enabled him to produce, viz. Lord E. T. and the Earl of Glengall.

19 March 1832.

I begin to be tired of noting down so many courtships and marriages that smell of the Lamps. Ideas associated with dramatic exhibitions are not to all taſtes the moſt refined and agreeable. The glare, the buzz the odour of the Theatre are not always agreeable recollections. One turns from them with pleasure to the quiet chamber of the virtuous Lord Mountcashel. How soothing to take refuge from the buſtle of the ſtage and the green room and all the cold draughts of fœtid air which blow within theatre passages, in so calm and sheltered a retirement.

Let us suppose for a moment that we enjoy the privilege of the entrée.—"Hush, my dear," are the firſt sounds which in a gentle subdued tone break its ſtillness. Who does not know, (for in these days *everybody* has a smattering of *everything*) that for no act of grateful kindness was the exemplary Quin more revered than for those affecting obsequies he beſtowed upon his beloved Cajeta. *Tu quoque littoribus nostris*, etc.

So much for honour paid to a *departed* nurse.

Those tendered a *living* one are infinitely more delectable. To reward the handlings and dandlings Lord Mountcashel received from an aimiable woman in his infancy, arrived at a maturer age he leads her to the altar and gives her his plighted faith. This indeed is one of those rare inftances in which the milk of human kindness has not turned sour in the progress of years.

SOMERSET

15 March 1829.

THE Berry Pomeroy Seymours, tho' fallen from their high eſtate, cannot for several generations be said to have matched meanly; Champernoun, Killegrew, Portman, Popham, etc. are ancient and honourable names. Of later years as has been recited above they have not added splendour to their achievements by inter-marriages, till the 12th Duke, now living and flourishing as a ſteady and prudent encourager of arts and sciences married Ly. Charlotte Hamilton, but in the Ducal line of the Seymours it is the firſt ſtep from the Protector that ſtaggers and alarms a genealogical enquirer. Hiſtory informs us that the Protector disgraced and disinherited his eldeſt son: tradition explains the cause of this violent act in a manner of all others the moſt disguſting. We read in the lately published Hiſt. of Wiltshire (*Mere Hundred*, 119) by Sir Richard Hoare that Horace Walpole thought the Protector's injuſtice to his issue by his firſt wife *monstrous*. Upon which Sir Richard candidly observes that some extenuation may be adduced in favour of the Duke *if* the traditions be true that Catherine Fillol was a woman of loose character and that he had reason to suppose her children were illegitimate, for says Sir Richard (p. 119) "my heraldic documents speak unfavourably of this lady *Repudiata quia pater poſt nuptias eam cognovit*"—rather unfortunate it muſt needs be owned, short, pithy and alas too logical, should the charitable *if* above mentioned be thought worthy of being received with any degree of confidence.

The Fillols are as ancient as the Conqueſt; it would be no disgrace to descend from them, but to have suspicion of such an extraction as Sir Richard's quotation so plumply affirms, cannot but impart a feverish sort of shudder to the different branches of the Seymours, who muſt all derive their descent from this hideously doubtful and turbid source. Nor was it a kind or neighbourly act in the proprietor of Stourhead to allow the love of prattle so far to maſter every better feeling as to engage him to become the blundering raker up of this filthy ſtory, and not only to let it crawl along the margin of his pages (see 119) in the shape of a note, but to summon public attention to it in the very body of his work. Every descendant therefore by the male or female line from the eldeſt son of the protector Somerset muſt, if I judge from my own feelings, abhor the evocation of this unclassical scrap of Latin from the Archives of the Heralds' College, the Charnel House in which it had been so long entombed.

Notwithſtanding a due respect for the Fillol genealogy, one may have too much of a good thing, and the idea of finding oneself inſtead of a Seymour or St Maur a Fillolan twice over and being so nearly authorized to call the salacious old knight alluded to one's double papa—is the very reverse of being consolatory.

The younger branches of the ducal line of Somerset have not formed such creditable alliances as some of their anceſtors. Henry Seymour, a cousin of the Dukes and in succession to the title, carried off a rich matrimonial prize—the daughter of — Hopkinson Esq. who having originally been married to a trading smack as a Bishop to his See was called a Ship's husband and from paltry beginnings

acquired considerable wealth. The Marquess of Hertford (another Seymour) when bearing the title of Yarmouth, espoused Mademoiselle Fagniani, a young lady of *rather equivocal birth, parentage, and education.* "What," exclaimed the voice of scandal, "has Lord Yarmouth taken up with that loose creature, the child of many fathers?" "Aye," answered a second voice, pitched in a ſtill sharper key, "and the mother of many children." Such were the idle, ridiculous, the pretty general rumours of that day, probably enough unfounded or at leaſt moſt shamefully exaggerated. Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingſton, was reported to have produced twins, Lord Cheſterfield observed that he made it a rule never to believe above half what the world said. The fair Fagniani tho' supposed to have acted in no very refined manner *now and then*, was in this inſtance, perhaps, grossly calumniated. Vox populi is not vox dei so often as the malicious and uncharitable would wish: they enjoy the "hideous hum" and in such cases, tho' sceptics in moſt others, choose to believe in what they are pleased to take for oracles.

In many respects the Duke of Somerset is to be pitied; his induſtrious, genealogical researches and the little volume they have given rise to, discover a truly ariſtocratic tendency. A person so sensitively alive to an object of this nature, so eager to prove his right to be called St Maur and so infatuated as to prefer that empty foreign sound to all the fulness of hiſtorical recollections the name of Seymour conveys, muſt I suspect feel rather queer when he reflects upon the total lack-luſtre of the Webbs and the Bonnels, his cloth working maternal anceſtors. "*Ce n'eſt pas la Truie qui ennoblit le pourceau*"; it is not Madam Sow who confers dignity upon the Pig, her

heir apparent. We all know that, and we all submit to the truth of that homely assertion: many a lop-sided Lord and Commoner is obliged, nolens-volens, to do so, ſtill there are moments when his Grace of Somerset cannot help regretting that any murky spot should be discernible in his magnificent pedigree and that his eldeſt son, the Lord Baron de Sancto Mauro, should have married the daughter of no loftier a personage than the aimable and talented Thos. Sheridan,—but these are minor considerations compared with those ugly doubts which arise from the scandalous little note preserved in the Herald's college. Far better therefore would it have been if the Duke of Somerset inſtead of taking a world of pains in *writing up* the St. Maurs had beſtowed ten times more trouble in *writing down* Sir Rd. Hoare's very unpleasant quotation, and dispelling the foul aspersions caſt upon the character of the disgraced and repudiated Catherine Fillol his *undoubted* anceſtress.

BOSTON

The honble. C. Irby married the daughter of Ichabod Wright, who had he been of sufficient consequence to have attained the peerage and had thought it worth while to have overawed or conciliated their Lordships' annaliſts the peerage books writers, might have been passed off as the 50th or 60th in paternal descent from Ambius Dexter a diſtinguished patrician, who flourished at the end of the fag-end of the lower period of the Roman Empire. This is not quite so magnificent as the descent of the Eſtes from Actius Balbus and Julius Cæsar's Neice, but with due pains I have little doubt might be equally well authenticated.

The 8th Duke of Somerset thought a match with the daughter of Webb, a great clothier, no bad matrimonial speculation, and his son, father of the present Duke, followed the wise example by espousing the heiress of Bonnel, another clothier, also of eminence in that line.

Neither of these opulent patrons of drapers I believe could trace up their pedigrees to the splendid Tilters of the *Champ de drap d'or*. Still we may reft satisfied they were what is sometimes called well descended and highly respectable.

HAREWOOD

13th March 1829.

Something like mildew of this similar nature has lately fallen upon a titled family of considerable wealth and importance, tho' presumably not absolutely proved to be of an ancient Baronial lineage. The blight cannot be said to have nipped their budding honours; Peers as early as 1796 and Earls of the year 1812, they were full blown when this untoward event occurred and the Heir of the Earl of Harewood, commonly called Lord Lascelles, conducted a nymph like young person of the moft easy and winning manners he happened accidently to have fallen in with, not to a Temple of pleasure, as might have been expected, but to a Church, where she became his own *exclusively*, by all the laws of the land.

We read of Sovereigns and Nobles in former days having raised to their nuptial couch young women of the moft humble birth but of spotless character. It is much to be desired that in our age of intellect when so many fufty prejudices are becoming obsolete, so good an example were followed and a better attention paid to virginal freshness and purity especially in matrimonial connections.

RUTLAND

Like Macbeth when he ſtood in the False Cave by the Cauldron frothing with poison, we exclaim, "another and another ſtill succeeds," but in the case we are going to mention we cannot cry out the laſt is like the former. Kind and indulgent excuses are found almoſt spontaneously for Youth; there is a faſcination about that spring time of life which often diſpoſes persons of more advanced years to pity and forgive its giddy improvident ebulitions: but when so mature and ſteady a character as the Speaker of the House of Commons, the ex-officio guardian as it were of public morals, the very fountain of regularity continually murmuring out Order—Order—Order, when such a conſtituted authority for becoming precedent, and one so handsomely paid for being exemplary, the son too of a venerable Archbishop, highly born, highly allied, highly connected, when such a personnage demeans himself and his ſtation by one of the leaſt scrupulous or delicate marriages even upon *modern record*, it becomes a public duty to point it out with the scorn and reprobation it merits. The Rt. Hon. Charles Manners Sutton grandson of the 3rd Duke of Rutland has thought fit before the altar of St. Georges, Hanover Square to make legally sure of Mrs. Purvis's affections and to bind that errant lady to him by the ties of the Church. In vain his daughters, offspring of a very different sort of an alliance, threw themselves at their parent's feet and implored him not to disgrace himself, tears and supplications were in vain. The speaker would have his way, would give his caſting vote and Mrs Purvis is at length neſted, within the precincts of St. Stephens Chapel, a Peeress in embryo.

BLESSINGTON

20 March 1829.

The lovely, accomplished Sifter of this Lady after a trial of several years during the course of which the triumphs of her delightful temper were fully eſtabliſhed, submitted also not very long ago to the form and ceremonies prescribed by the ritual. She is now the professed Countess of Blessington (an auspicious name) and that portion of her Ladyship's progeny, who may happen to enter this gay world since the close of her novitiate, will succeed to Eſtates and titles and the honour of descending as legitimately as could be wished from Luke Gardiner, an attendant of a former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the founder of the family. I muſt confess I am quite ignorant whether the (very possibly) virtuous parents of Lady Blessington and Mrs Manners are ſtill in exiſtence. If they are, with what exultation muſt they contemplate the fortunate deſtiny of their fair offspring conducted at length after wandering through devious and flowery paths to a high and legal eſtablishment. Were it possible that these good people were blessed with as many daughters as an Emperor of Morocco or some other such turbanned Polygamiſt, they ought to feel more joy over the elect and repentant two, than over the Lord knows how many ſtrait-laced virgins, who have never passed the threshhold of a chaſte and secluded retirement.

RADNOR

15 March 1829.

Where shall we find a rule without an exception, as it were, looking over its shoulder. However mean and indelicate too many of our fine people of rank have proved themselves in their nuptial connections, all

cannot be accused of that sort of delinquency. The Bouveries, for example, deserve honourable mention for their praise-worthy conduct in this particular. They have matched with the Pleydell Stuarts, the Clintons, the Murrays, the Douglasses, and the Courtenays (the Fitz Howard not the Fitz Clack Courtenays).

It rejoices an heraldic Amateur to observe with what taſte and discernment this family from the Low-countries have pursued the object of allying themselves with the higheſt blood.

From the prevalence of the Patriarchal name of Jacob in their ennobled line, somewhat a foreign caſt of features, thrifty habits and money getting propensities, some ignorant, ill-informed people have conjectured them to be of Hebrew origin. Such suppositions are certainly not correct. The Des Bouveries, tho' said to have been of long ſtanding in the low countries, would be puzzled, perhaps, to trace up their pedigrees to the Judahs, Zebulons, Issachars, or any other of those venerable tribes recorded in holy writ.

Lawrence Des Bouveries, a good workman and ſtaunch proteſtant flying from Catholic persecution, settled at Canterbury as a silk weaver about two centuries ago. His grandson became a Turkey Merchant, and the immediate descendant of this opulent personnage, who among other profitable speculations farmed the shipwrecks on the Coaſt of Kent, made so glorious a venture in the golden days of the Countess of Yarmouth, that he obtained a peerage at the especial recommendation of that *good* Lady, to whom King George the 2d. was well known to have been *all goodness*.

It clearly appears therefore that this successful family have been *Chriſtian* Traders at leaſt for many

generations and that their queer looking punctilious chief, the late Earl of Radnor, that grand Borer after forms and precedents in the House of Lords and Dictator at Quarter Sessions and Turnpike meetings, by way of relaxation in the Country, tho' cross grained, close fisted, and a notorious driver of hard bargains, had nothing of the Jew about him except the character and the countenance.

KINSALE

5 March 1829.

The De Courcys undoubtedly one of our oldest and noblest Norman families are affirmed by the Misses Innes to be absolute Carlovingians.—These Ladies discover not the least hesitation in connecting them with Charlemagne through an uninterrupted succession of Males; so had it not been for the usurpation of one Hugh Capet and perhaps a few family squabbles, the Baron of Kinsale instead of disdaining to put on his hat in the presence of the King of England might have displayed an excellent right to cover his head with the crown of France—really such fallings down from the highest estate, such knocks of transitory greatness of this wicked world, such unjust deprivations are quite woeful.

But what sensitive bosom can refuse a sigh to a still harder case? Who that has any bowels can reflect, in that feeling of almost cholicky acuteness, upon the fate of the Granvilles, upon the comparatively humble state to which this quiet and unassuming family is reduced? That *now* transcendently titled race, bemired so long in country places, styled Yeomen in many a little shabby provincial deed, nay, sometimes disguised under the plebian name of Greenfield—are admitted by the Misses Innes—and some other peerage writer of equally un-

questionable authority I believe—to the honours of a Male descent from Rollo. Yes! the Granvilles ought to be Dukes of Normandy if Juſtice had not quitted the Earth, as too many have reason to ſuſpect she has. Cruel indeed and hard it is that the Chiefs of so high a Caſte, the gd. Duke of the pce. hereditaire—inſtead of giving political dinners as Town birds in various green places or buſtling about, flaming like tallow candles, againſt popery (the known patron of wax) in the House of Commons are not at this very hour breaking their cruſt in the palace halls of Rouen the Capital of their great paternal Anceſtor, receiving dutiful puffs of incense at the Cathedral door and aſſiſting at high Mass under a regal canopy.

EXETER

Thomas Hoggins is another of those good, plain Bodies, who become Esquires in peerage bookes in virtue of some grand alliance. The adventures of his fair offspring, the sweet and simple Sarah, would have furnished a notable theme for certain whity-brown paper little volumes which in days gone by were wont to circulate at country fairs and villages. We should have read in those unsophiſticated pages "How a great gentleman was sorely troubled by a great Lady, who proved a traitress to his Bed; how under a false name, but with a true heart, he retired to a pleasant Hamlet and there wooed an humble but honeſt maid; how this innocent maid's affections became his own and her person afterwards by the bonds of holy matrimony; how without knowing at all with whom or to where she was going, she was taken in a neat poſt chaise to a ſtately Mansion and there hailed Marchioness of Exeter to her utter wonderment for she thought as how she had been

married to one of lowly degree." We should then have learned how the pains of Education came thick upon her, Worried with Maſters, abashed by fine Company, perplexed and puzzled until in the space of a few,—to her *long*—years, the poor thing pined and died. Let us hope that the present moſt honourable Marquess now and then drops a filial tear to her Memory! It is but fair juſt to mention in passing that the noble Marquess has somewhat redeemed the something like original sin of his maternal extraction by giving his hand to a Lady (Miss Poyntz) of extreme good birth and blessed with an enormous assemblage of handsome quarterings, all and every of which her consort has taken the propereſt pains to have conscientiously made out and duly exemplified. Such inſtances of heraldic taſte and feeling are however not so uncommon, even at this troubled period, as the *titled vulgar* might wish to imagine; so that the classic Monitors of the College of Arms are not yet bereft of a becoming and profitable employment.

BUTE

8th March 1824.

The late Marquess of Bute was one of the loftieſt of the diplomatic kind, his deportment ſtately, his manners highly polished though not remarkably conciliating. A quarter of an age more muſt elapse before his pomposities, when Envoy at Turin and Ambassador at Madrid, will cease to be remembered and admired by many an old ſtager of the laſt century. His sense of heraldic glories was acute and exquisite: they formed one of his principal ſtudies and were almoſt his deareſt delight. Baron Thondertentronk himself (whom Voltaire celebrates so charmingly in his *Candide*) would not have enter-

tained a profounder reſpect for the poſſeſſors of ſixteen quarterings. Enamoured with his deſcent from the Royal Stuarts, he almoſt forgot it was not ſtrictly orthodox, according to Mother Church; and has been known to ſtart and graſp the hilt of his ſword when reminded by the *legitimate* ſcions of the Houſe of Stuart, the Earls of Murray, Galloway and Traquair, that they could not but conſider themſelves as infinitely his Superiors. Whilſt the third Earl of Bute his father was confidential adviſer to the Princeſs Dowager of Wales and enjoyed the principal management of her Royal Highneſs's affairs as well as of thoſe of all Britain; north and ſouth, no doubt of the purity of his eſcutcheon was ventured to be breathed. The Thane of Bute was the new *polichinello*, the High Steward in every reſpect and to every purpoſe.

The ſon of ſo important a peerage as may be imagined, choſe for himſelf a bride of congenial dignity, the Heireſs of the Windſors. This high born lady however could not in rank flattery be ſtyled the moſt beautiful of her ſex. Nobility thought her a little too ſtiff and repulſive, and Mobility, what is called frumpiſh in their ſlang. Both high and low agreed ſhe was rather hard featured, and that had ſhe borne the name of Golgotha inſtead of Windſor it would have been more appropriate. After having filled her ſtation for ſome years with the moſt rigid propriety, this excellent lady went the way of all fleſh as well as of all bone and put off her mortal coil, to the decent and exemplary ſorrow of her noble Huſband. The eldeſt ſon of this illuſtrious widower was an elegant and moſt intereſting young man: he had a warm and ſuſceptible heart, a winning addreſs, a graceful carriage. Old Coutts, his father's banker, was bleſſed with a daughter, alſo

endowed with advantages, born it is true before the formal ceremonies of the Church had sanctified the union of her parents, but full of grace, of soul, and of every excellence. The melting mother of this angelic girl did honour to a glowing profession; she was a Cook, ay, every inch a Cook, of accurate taſte and the moſt experienced proficiency. In despight of antiquated prejudices (for in fact what more extensive after all than the Bank and the Kitchen) the young Man tendered his nuptial hand to the fascinating young Lady. His father, first ſtunned and then diſtracted at the news, ſtamped and raved about like a Maniac, and in an agony of apprehension, and determined upon a wondrous and a more than Roman sacrifice. He thought that by offering himself inſtead of his son, the eldeſt branch of his male ſtock wd. be uncontaminated. Still more wonderful, the lady accepted the veteran peer in lieu of her blooming lover and is now Marchioness Dowager of Bute and the Mother of Lord Dudley Coutts, so called out of tender respect to his grandfather's imaculate Memory.

The daughter of Lucien Bonaparte and siſter to poor Mrs. Wyse is united it appears to this very Lord Dudley Coutts. Not the firſt time, it may be observed *en passant*, that the name of Dudley has been vulgarised. We have Dudley Wards and Dudley Ryders, but that a grandson of Coutts the Banker and the grandson of Franz der Kayser, ci-devant Emperor of Germany—may one day wake to find themselves firſt Cousins is juſtly sufficient to make one exclaim, Chaos is come again, or descending later, fancy we trace in the monſtrous jumble of Auſtrias and Bonapartes, Bavarias and Beauharnais, Badens and La Pageries—Baciocchis, Muruls and Wurtembergs (all the purple and all the

scum of Europe) a living resemblance to the disguſting mixtures we read of as having been in fashion before the Flood, when the young Gentlemen of that right-abominable period made no scruple of connecting themselves with the lower orders of the creation and the young Ladies paired off sometimes with Beaſts and sometimes with Angels.

BERESFORD

9 March 1829.

It is not often in courtly production, such as the pleasing little volumes compiled by A. E. and Maria Innes, that we meet with plain unvarnished facts. When we do, from their rarity they merit notice and commendation. At vol. 1, p. 86, we read "the Viscount Beresford and his brother Sir John Poo Beresford are the illegitimate sons of the 1ſt. Marquess of Waterford." The Beresfords are undoubtedly a family of diſtinguished luck, a buſtling Race, whose active deeds of all sorts richly deserve being bruited about by Fame; some say at both ends of her trumpet. Not eminently Noble in their descent like the De Burgs or the De Courcys, not over remarkable for moral virtues, they may fairly be called in genealogical language *good gentlemen*, and without being so eminently pious as some of the saintly tribes in the Houses of Parliament, Church and State have been long under contribution to their benefit. They have enjoyed a pretty sprinkling of Mitres as well as Coronets; and as to the Law, tho' not supposed by their unfortunate dependants to be great friends to it, thousands and thousands know to their coſts, that the Law has been often the moſt partial of friends to them. Their reputed want of a proper sensibility to its merits in multipled inſtances muſt be calumnious, for upon more than

one occasion they have not only ſtrained the Law to their bosoms but taken the Law itself moſt rapturously into their own hands, as many an oppressed and goaded victim can teſtify. The noble Viscount and his brother Sir John Poo B. need not repine: should ever the ſtigma of an illegitimate descent shoot across their recollections like the swinge of an angry curr, let them reflect they have plenty of great people in a similar predicament to keep them in countenance. The Hero of the Tagus and of Rio Janeiro, the confidant and admirer of the immaculate Empress Queen has no cause to blush at leaſt upon this occasion. To ennumerate Royal Baſtards, your Richmonds, Graftons or Buccleuchs (all gay as tulips with armorial trappings, and all too indulgently bedecked by their doating anceſtor with the arms of his real and imaginery kingdoms), all these are sufficiently known and, as well as the fine birds of a show, have been sufficiently catalogued. Shall we present a few not noticed perhaps quite so generally? The Queensberry Douglases are not true Douglases and indeed so thought the great majority of the Scottish nation, when like Turkeys they were fattened againſt their will and the Duke of Queensberry, descended from a baſtard of the 2d. Earl of Douglas, was the corrupt and courtly agent, who crammed the unpalatable union down their throats.

The Somersets, the illegitimate offspring of a legitimated branch of the Plantagenets, are however from their lucky marriage in the 16-cent. with a great heiress, the sole legitimate Herberts who remain; for the Pembrokes, Carnarvons and Powisses are all baſtard slips of this great Welsh House, and though pious King Richard III wished to inculcate as a ſtate maxim that slips of this impure nature

could never thrive, that worthy Monarch was miſtaken. They have thriven and in this inſtance moſt diſtinguishedly.

Byron, too, so completely intoxicated with the pride of his birth and so fond of alluding to its splendid and chivalrous antiquity was of spurious descent. Is it possible that he could have been ignorant that Sir John Byron of Newſtead, his direct forefather, anceſtor to the 1ſt Lord of the title was a Baſtard?

ELLESMERE

Some circumſtances regarding another Love child, as his maternal village relatives moſt probably often called Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, the patriarch of the Bridgewater Egertons, are not incurious or irrelevant. The reputed father of this illuſtrious character Sir Richard Egerton, of ancient and highly respectable descent, was never married but having cheered his solitary hours with the company of one Alice Sparkes, she produced to him a remarkably hale and promising boy. Some authors, Pennant for example among several others, have amused themselves with ſtories of Sir Richard's having retained the Fair Alice as his kitchen Maid and her son as an aſſiſtant in those useful labours, and also of his having once turned them out upon the wide world as Abraham did Hagar and Ishmael, but back, it appears, they came again, for in a version I have seen of this traditionary anecdote, a friend of the worthy knight's seated at his hospitable board observes a smart Lad, aiding Mrs. Cook to place the dishes upon the table. The mute language of winks and smiles excites suspicion of a near connection between the Maſter and his attendants; good cheer opens the heart and improves confidence; the truth

is owned; the father ashamed of having so long neglected his own offspring and the youth taught at length to handle the pen instead of the spit is enabled to enter the lists of fame and fortune with what success the annals of Queen Elizabeth afford sufficient evidence. Whether the principal features, the domestic part of the story, are correct in all their details cannot perhaps at such a distance of time be satisfactorily determined, but the illegitimacy of the great Lord Ellesmere is a fact beyond doubt, as well as the extreme humility of his Mother's origin. Nothing therefore can set established rules at greater defiance than to vapour about the descent of the Chancellor from the Baron of Malpas. Peerage writers ought surely to be aware that a bastard is styled *Filius nullius* and that an attempt to add splendour to Lord Ellesmere's fame by the blaze of his Ancestry, of whose honours and quarterings a spurious birth deprives him, can only deceive the ignorant, and incline those better informed to smile at the idle efforts of officious flatterers who try to half conceal yet half discover what after all their pains can only turn out to be a vain and disgusting display of pompous inaccuracy.

DUNGARVAN

5th March 1822.

A marriage which in its time was submitted to for weighty reasons by the House of Boyle, was that of Lord Dungarvan to Mistress Susan Hoare. The Lady subsequently became Baroness Bruce and her son, the present Marquess of Ailesbury, may boast the blood of Hoare should he think it an honour. The name to be sure has rather a *common* sound, but has been rendered of good repute by Book-keepers,

so far back as the laſt century, and of some note by Book-makers in the present day.

The Firm in Fleet St. are respectable and the same might be said of the Baronet in a more glowing degree had he not loaded the press with one or two sets of bulky Tomes almoſt approaching to Atlas size, and pretty nearly as full of idle chatty remarks, miſtakes, misrepresentations and errors as they contain pages. Dryness and dullness have been often passed over in County Hiſtorians, but when a plodding compiler happens to be, at the same time, ignorant, gossipping and slovenly, he ought not to be pardoned with equal carelessness. Though Sir Richard writes with ease, a faſtidious genealogiſt would scarcely allow that he makes part of the rôle of *gentleman*—who are said to do so—the king may create Lords and Baronets, but he cannot confer diſtinctions retrospectively like the Emperor of China, and it is an odd sort of taſte in the lineal descendant of a Smithfield Horse dealer (without one drop of noble or hiſtorical blood in his veins on either side) to be so busy in picking up offals of family anecdote and dabbling in Pedigrees*.

BERWICK

8th March 1829.

We have another pretty peeress it muſt be confessed in the person of Sophia Du Bochet—Baroness Berwick and Siſter of the divine, the irresiſtible Harriet—once so active in the path of pleasure and lately in the more duſty track of Mr. Stockdale,—the well known authoress of certain gay sparkling records of infancy in which we learn the very narrow escape of the House of Plantagenet Beaufort from

* Henry Hoare of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, Yeoman. H. Hoare of Smithfield, a horse-courser, d. 1669.

an alliance ten thousand times more degrading than that with the House of Culling Smith.

HAMILTON

The line of the Hamiltons of Hamilton does not exclusively afford examples of high treason againſt sixteen quarter genealogies. The mother of Hamilton Charles James Hamilton secretary of the Embassy at Paris and grand-son of Lord Anne H. bore but one creditable name, Lucretia; her other, the surname Prosser, is far indeed from being classical.

SIDMOUTH

The cathartic extraction of one of H.M. great officers of ſtate, so often ſtyled the Doctor, is known too generally to require comment. Although a bit of a Saint and Peace Maker few I believe were ever tempted to call him blessed.

WEMYSS

The daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March chose to marry a little mean looking Miſter Wildman, the son of a far meaner acting Solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, the abuser of his beſt client's confidence, as I know to my heavy coſt. Between this Harpy and 2 Brothers who played in concert in proper time half my subſtance has been devoured. The father of this worthy family (a far honeſter Man I have been told than his descendants) was a plain, Lancaſter Yeoman.

I have now pursued my game as far as I think at all entertaining. Plenty of birds of the same plumage ſtill remain in the covers, but is it worth while to drive them out? No sportsman would waſte his ammunition upon cock-sparrows or tomtits, upon

carrion crows, jackdaws, owls, cuckoos or buzzards. It is useless to diſturb the poor things in their neſts or to attempt their exhibition "in terrorem" as game keepers nail vermin to the kennel door.

Our sprigs of quality will not be deterred by any laudable pride or natural delicacy from making disagreeable matches. Speaking eyes or mute sensual plumpnesses, light elegant figures or heavy money bags are sure to work their reſpective way. The tide of this sort of corruption can no longer be ſtemmed, nor will any reprobation or ridicule prevent these gross or intereſted alliances which of late years have increased in so scandalous a degree to the shame and abasement of our once higher souled and more honourable Nobility.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

NOTES ON APOTHECARIES

The following passages are written in the MSS. as an appendix to "Female Nobility."

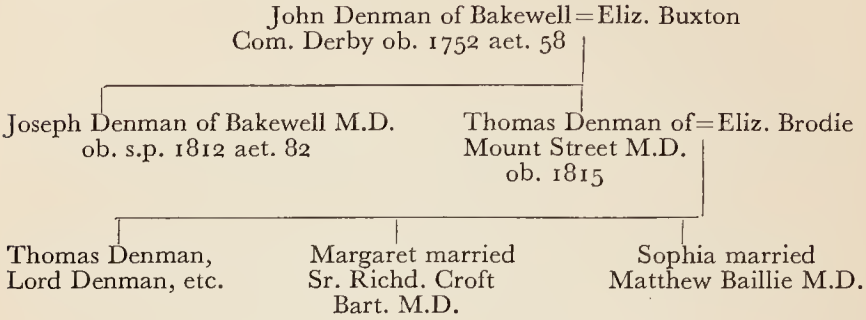
On whom did the Lady Charlotte Boyd Hay, heiress expectant of the Earldom of Errol and great Conſtableſhip of Scotland, beſtow, with the gifts of her nuptial hand, considerable possessions and the name of Carr long borne with honour by her maternal anceſtors? The Reverend Wm. Hollwell well known upon town as a connoisseur of the higheſt guſto, and whose father was ſtill more reſpected at Exeter in his line as a *modeſt, unassuming decent* APOTHECARY.

Whom did the Lady Mary Somerset, daughter of the late and ſiſter of the present Duke of Beaufort, espouse in full convocation of her demi-semi-royal* relatives? Sir Walter Farquhar, Banker and Baronet, the son, it is true, of a Banker of no very peculiar eminence, but who could boaſt at leaſt the diſtinguished honour of being the offspring and heir of the great William Pitt's confidential physician, who it is well known began life in the venerable purlieus of *Auld Reekie* as a diligent, hard thumping, yet gentle-handed APOTHECARY.

O the blessings of education! bring up the child in the way he should go, and when was this excellent maxim better exemplified than in the case of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Chief Juſtice Denman's father, the great and good Doctor Denman. Who imparted to that skilful leech the firſt rudiments of a science he afterwards cultivated to such advantage? Who taught his infantine fingers to roll the pill and spread the plaiſter? Who directed his youthful arm to raise the peſtle? Who in short gave his budding ideas a physical turn?—who—but his reverend parent, long eſtablished at Bakewell in Derbyshire, the comfort and solace of the neighbourhood, an able, active Apothecary—It may not be irrelevant juſt to mention en passant, that this reſpectable practitioner not only imbued both his sons with the love of medical proficiency but his two daughters, one of whom espoused Sir Richard Croft Baronet accoucheur M.D. and the other Dr M. Baillie—we seldom

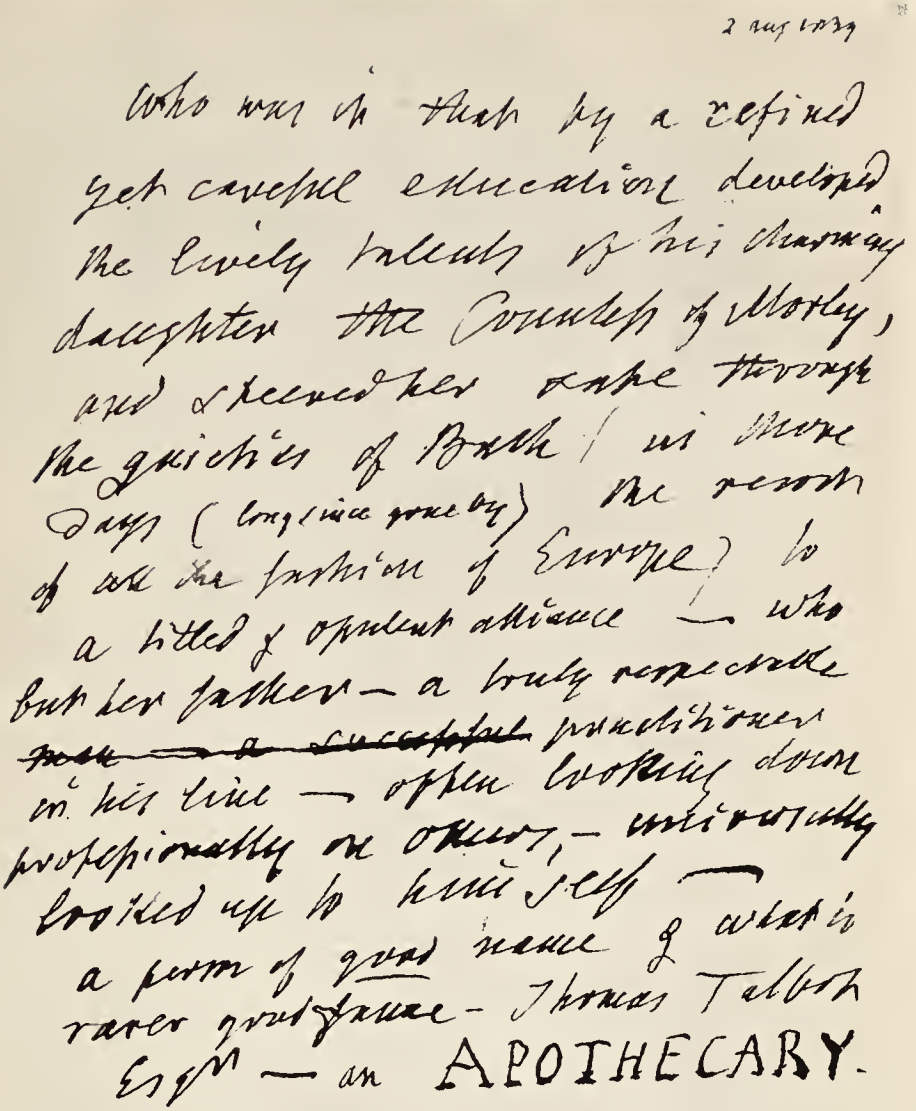
* The Somersets are descended by double baſtardy from the house of Lancaſter. (*Beckford's note.*)

meet with such a combination of high medical connection as centres in Lord Denman, his father a renowned Physician, his grandfather a much loved much employed APOTHECARY, and his two sisters married to a Baronetted Accoucheur (Sir Richard Croft) and another to a M.D. of equally distinguished eminence, Dr. Matthew Baillie.



Who was it that by a refined yet careful education developed the lively talents of his charming daughter the Countess of Morley, and steered her safe through the gaieties of Bath, (in those days, long since gone by, the resort of all the fashion of Europe) to a titled and opulent alliance? Who but her father, a truly respectable practitioner in his line, often looking down professionally on others, universally looked up to himself, a person of good name and what is rarer good fame, Thomas Talbot Esq, an

APOTHECARY.



2 Aug 1839

Who was it that by a refined
yet careful education developed
the lively talents of his charming
daughter the Countess of Morley,
and steered her safe through
the quieties of Bath (in those
days (long since gone by) the resort
of all the fashion of Europe) to
a titled & opulent alliance — who
but her father — a truly respectable
~~man — a successful~~ practitioner
in his line — often looking down
professionally on others, — universally
looked up to himself —
a person of good name & what is
rarer good fame — Thomas Talbot
Esqr — an APOTHECARY.

A PAGE FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF
"LIBER VERITATIS"

APPENDIX B

The following passages in French are thought to be Mr Beckford's firſt Draft of the "Liber Veritatis."

M. SMITHSON d'une famille très obscure de la province de York, mais d'une figure et d'une taille avantageuse epousa la fille du Duc de Somerset par l'heritiere des Percys Comtes de Northumberland. En consequence de ce marriage Mr. Smithson prit le nom et armes des Seymours et des Percys et fut creè* Duc de Northumberland par le Roy George 3. Son fils n'a l'honneur d'appartenir à la maison de Percy que par son ayeule maternelle, il epousa la fille d'un Negociant appellè Pierre Burrell.

Le frere cadet de mon pere epousa Milady Albinia Bertie sœur du Duc d'Ancaſter. Ce Duc d'Ancaſter se trouvant a Newmarket court d'argent emprunta une forte somme a un nommè Panton espece de piqueur, ou de Maquignon. Ce drole avoit une fille batarde fort jolie, qu'il proposa au Duc pour epouse avec la liquidation de sa dette et une dotte considerable. Mr. le Duc accepte le marchè et voila Madame la fille batarde du Palfrenier par Madame sa Blanchiseuse a la Cour decorè d'une des premieres charges (Miſtress of the Robes).

Milord Courtenay chef de cette auguſte Maison s'amourache d'une certaine Fanny Clack fille d'un Aubergiſte qui tenoit une maison peu honète dans le voisinage de l'universitè d'Oxford et l'èpouse en depit de sa reputation non ecquivoque, et de deux jolis petits Batards qu'elle avouait sans rougir. Cette aimable personne pourtant n'a pu jamais ètre presentè a la Reine. Le vicomte de Courtenay actuel eſt le fruit de ce marriage.

Comme les gens de rien parviennent fort souvent au Ministère dans touts les pays on ne doit pas s'etonner que M. Craggs homme de la plus basse extraction a ètè Sècretaire d'etat en Angleterre au commencement de ce siecle. Ce favori de la Fortune trop occupè apparament pour songer au marriage, passoit des inſtants qu'il derobait aux travauxs de sa charge avec une actrice celebre—qui un beau matin lui presenta une petite fille, en l'assurant qu'il en etoit le pere. On la caresse, on l'èleve avec soin, elle devient grande et

* The passages are printed, save for punctuation, exactly as written. Beckford uses no other accents save a grave.—ED.

belle, elle fait les delices des societès les moins severes de Londres et finit par epouser M. Hamilton, frere du Comte d'Abercorn et cousin germain de ma Mere. Le Marquis d'Hamilton Abercorne—issue en ligne droite du sang royal, Duc de Chatelheraut en France, pair des trois Royaumes, etc. etc. etc. . . .eſt la fruit de ce beau marriage.

Mon Beau frere Milord Strathavon fils du Comte d'Aboine de l'illuſtre Maison de Gordon vient d'epouser Miss Cope belle-fille de Milord Hawkesbury, du vilain nom de Jenkinson. Ce personnage intriguant s'il en fut jamais influe beaucoup dans les affaires d'Angleterre. Mon Carossier M. Houlditch très habile artiſtee pousa sa nièce. J'èspere le voir un jour pair d'Angleterre par la faveur de Monsieur son oncle, qu'une revolution seule pourra chasser des conseils les plus intimes de S. M. Brittanique.

Le Duc d'Hamilton epousa Miss Gunning fort jolie Irlandoise d'une famille totalement ignorèe. De ce marriage eſt sorti le Duc actuel qui se montra digne de la bassesse de son extraction maternelle en donnant sa main a Betty Burrell sœur de Madame la Duchesse de Northumberland presentement a Lisbonne.

On connoit parfaittement a Lisbonne les familles avec lesquelles M. Walpole s'eſt alliè. Malgrè que ce M. Walpole eſt bon gentilhomme fils de Milord Walpole et neveu du fameux Ministre Robert Walpole, ses freres ont ètè Banquiers, le seroient encore s'ils n'avoient pas eû le malheur de faire Banque route.

Il suffit en Angleterre d'ètre Enfant de la fortune pour arriver au comble des honneurs, l'ordre de la Garretière que tant d'Empereurs, tant de Souverains ont portè, a souvent ètè donnè aux personnes les moins diſtinguè, par la splendeur de leur naissance. Cromwell, Comte d'Essex, fils d'un Boucher et Smithson Duc de Northumberland en ont ètè decorè; Paget de même dont le pere, fils d'un bon villagois, etoit simple Huissier a la suite des magiſtrats de la ville de Londres.

Je ne finirai jamais si je vouloit nommer touts les Anglois de la plus mediocre naissance, qui portent les titres les plus eclatants et les plus sonores. Les Ducs de Leeds, Comtes de Danby et Marquis de Carmarthen descendent d'un Enfant trouvè sur le pavè du pont de Londres il y a deux siecles. Les Hollès, Ducs de Newcaſtle et Comtes de Clare (titre que les princes de la maison de Plantagenet ont portè) n'etoient que des riches negociants du temps de la reine Elisabeth, morte en 1602.

Messrs Brown, qui pendant la regne d'Henri 8 vendoient des drogues et des epices, ont recu de la reine Marie le beau titre de vicomte de Montaigu.

Appendix B

A peu près vers le meme epoque Monsr. Russel, très simple gentilhomme campagnard, accompagnè un archiduc d'autriche qu'une tempete avoit jette sur les cotes de sa province, a la cour en qualite d'Interprete. Ayant assez d'esprit plus de souplesse et point de scrupules religieux il gagna la faveur du Roi Henri 8. Ce tyrant odieux n'ètoit pas seulement du sang de nos Rois et cherchoit par l'introduction des parvenus dans la chambre des pairs d'avilir cet ordre et d'abaisser la haut noblesse, qui lui portoit ombrage; il negligea donc pas d'avancer Monsieur Russel et de l'enrichir avec les depouilles de l'eglise. Ce fut le petit-fils de ce fortuné campagnard qui obtint le beau titre de BEDFORD, auquel sa naisance ne lui donnoit pas la moindre pretention, que le frere d'Henri V regent de France a rendu si illustre. Voila l'origine assez moderne des grandes dignites et des immenses biens des Ducs de Bedford.

En Irlande par rapport aux titres (ce n'eſt pas attrape qui peut, mais attrape qui veut) rien de plus facile pour un Anglais, un peu a son aise, mais des dignites de ce royaume subalterne. Le viceroy accorde sa recommendation a très bon compte. Le juif Samson Gideon vient recemment d'en faire l'experience: il s'appelle Milord EARDLEY. On a peine de reconnaitre le fils du Brasseur Leeson, dans Milord Vicomte de RUSHBOROUGH, Comte de MILTON—et l'avocat BROWN, si redoutable dans la chicane sous le titre pompeux de Comte d'Altamont—

EDITOR'S NOTES

p. 93. *E. Lodge.* Edmund Lodge (1756–1839). Originally a cornet in the 3rd Dragoons, he relinquished his commission in order to take a position in the College of Arms. He was created Bluemantle pursuivant, 1782, Lancaster herald, 1793, Norroy king of arms, 1822, Clarencieux, 1838. He was an extremely widely read historical scholar and the editor of numerous family papers. *The Annual Peerage of the British Empire* (2 vols. 1827–1829, re-issued 1832) bears his name as editor in chief with the names of the Misses A., E. and Maria Innes. The *D.N.B.* states that he probably had no hand in this compilation, merely, from motives of kindness, permitting his name to be used. I suspect that Beckford's dislike of him arose from a publication entitled *An achievement containing* 892 *Quarterings of Alliances, pertaining to Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland*, 1830 (cf. p. 97, "Sir Hugh Smithson").

p. 93. *first Earl of Aldborough.* John Stratford of Baltinglass, co. Wicklow (1698–1777), cr. baron of Baltinglass, 1773, viscount Aldborough, 1776, viscount Amiens and earl of Aldborough, 1777. In Debrett and Owen (1793) it is stated that the Stratfords came from Amiens in Picardy with William the Conqueror. The same authority states that "the arms of the noble peer are the same as those of Alexander the Great"! (G. E. C.).

p. 93. *Harriet Hobart.* 2nd dau. of George Vere Hobart, lieut.-governor of Grenada, m. 1820 general Jasper Scityon Hagerman of Denmark, and d. at Copenhagen, 1868.

p. 93. *Lady Mary Julian Maitland.* 2nd dau. of James (Maitland), 7th earl of Lauderdale, m. 1770 Thomas Hog; d. 1795.

p. 93. *Sir John Carr.* (1772–1832.) A prolific writer of "tours," e.g. *The Stranger in France, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris; The Stranger in Ireland.* This last was made the butt of a squib by Edward Dubois, entitled *My Pocket Book, or Hints for a Ryghte Merrie and Conceited Tour in* 4*to, to be called "The Stranger in Ireland in* 1805, *by a Knight Errant" and dedicated to the paper-makers.*

p. 94. *Lady Charlotte Spencer.* Lady Georgina Charlotte Spencer, b. 1769, 3rd dau. of George (Spencer), 3rd duke of Marlborough, who eloped with Edward Nares the librarian at Blenheim about 1791. They were married in 1797, but

Lady Charlotte died in 1802. Nares (1762–1841) who was the 3rd son of Sir George Nares, judge of the court of common pleas, is spoken of as being "an accomplished scholar, a perfect gentleman and an amusing writer." He was Bampton lecturer in 1805, and regius professor of modern history at Oxford from 1813 till his death. This lady is the sister of the "Lady Carolint S——" referred to by Redding, as "the daughter of a ducal house" to whose hand Beckford pretended about the year 1790, when his family were urging him to remedy himself with the world by a second marriage. The duke, according to Redding, considered Beckford of insufficient social rank for his daughter, but more cogent reasons may be suspected.

p. 94. *my good old music master, Dr. Nares.* James Nares (1715–1783), Mus. doc. Camb. and Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, 1757–1780. A composer of inferior church music now forgotten. It may be recalled that Beckford alleged that Mozart had also taught him music and that Figaro's aria *Non piú andrai* was originally written as a five-finger exercise for him.

p. 94. *Lady Amelia.* Lady Amelia Spencer (1785–1829), 6th dau. of 3rd duke of Marlborough, m. 1812 Henry Pytches Boyce.

p. 94. *the late Earl of Abingdon.* Willoughby (Bertie), 3rd earl (1692–1760). He married in Florence, 1727, Anna-Maria, dau. of Sir John Collins (? of Chute Lodge, Hants, G. E. C.).

p. 95. *Signor Gallini.* Giovanni Andrea Battista Gallini styled Sir John (1728–1805). He came from Italy and made his début as a dancer at the Opera House, Haymarket, in 1753. The fashionable dancing master of his day, he was admitted to the earl of Abingdon's house where he made the acquaintance of and married the earl's eldest dau., Lady Elizabeth Peregrine Bertie. After a short period they separated, she dying in 1764. Gallini styled himself Sir John after having been honoured with the knighthood of the Golden Spur by the Pope, who was delighted with his saltatory performance. Gallini made a considerable fortune, estimated at one time to be about £400,000.

p. 95. *Obrien.* William O'Brien, comedian (d. 1815). Despite Beckford's strictures, O'Brien appears to have been a man of good family, being distantly related to the Clare viscounty. He played leading rôles at Drury Lane from 1758 to 1764 and adapted one or two plays from the French. After his retirement, he went to New York and Quebec, but returned to England on his nomination to the receiver-generalship of

Dorset in 1768 through the good offices of the 1st earl of Ilchester, whose dau., Lady Susan Sarah Louisa Fox Strangways, he married in 1764. O'Brien appears to have been an extremely popular man of good address and charming manner.

p. 95. *Beard.* John Beard, actor and vocalist (1716–1791), made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1737. He married Lady Henrietta Herbert, only dau. of James, 1st earl of Waldegrave, and wid. of Lord Henry Herbert, 2nd son of the marquess of Powis. He left the stage on his marriage but subsequently reappeared as MacHeath in 1743. His wife died in 1753 and he later married Charlotte Rich, the daughter of the manager of Covent Garden theatre. According to Dibdin he was the best male singer of his day.

p. 95. *Duchess Dowager of Leinster.* Amelia Mary (1731–1814), 2nd dau. of Charles (Lennox), 2nd duke of Richmond, and widow of James (Fitzgerald), 1st duke of Leinster (cr. 1766), by whom she had 9 sons and 8 daughters. In 1774, a year after the duke's demise, she married William Ogilvy of Ardglass, co. Down, who survived her, dying in 1832 at the age of 90.

p. 95. *Lady Charlotte Campbell.* Lady Charlotte Susan Maria Campbell (1775–1861), 2nd dau. of John (Campbell), 5th duke of Argyll. Her second husband (m. 1818) was Rev. Edward John Bury, rector of Lichfield, Hants. She wrote several novels and books of verse and is also the supposed author of the *Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV*, 1838.

p. 96. *Lady Jane Lennox.* 4th dau. of Charles (Lennox), 4th duke of Richmond. She married, in 1822, Lawrence, youngest son of the 1st Sir Robert Peel, bt. and brother of the later prime minister. She d. 1861.

p. 97. *Jane Eliza Moore.* 2nd dau. of Stephen (Moore), 2nd earl of Mountcashel; m. 1819. William Yates Peel, 2nd son of the 1st Sir Robert Peel, bt. She d. 1847.

p. 97. *Alicia Kennedy.* Lady Alice Jane Kennedy, youngest dau. of 1st marquess of Ailsa; m. Jonathan, 5th son of 1st Sir Robert Peel, bt. in 1824.

p. 97. *Sir Hugh Smithson.* I.e. the 1st duke of Northumberland of the 3rd creation. B. 1715, son of Langdale Smithson of Stanwick, Yorks. He succeeded his grandfather as 4th baronet in 1729. In 1740 he m. Elizabeth, only dau. of Algernon Seymour, 1st baron Percy (cr. 1722), despite the strenuous opposition of her paternal grandfather, 6th duke of Somerset. Owing to the death of her brother in 1744, she

became sole heir to the Percy estates. The duke attempted to disinherit her, but failed owing to the clauses in the marriage settlement permitting no power of alienation. Baron Percy was cr. earl of Northumberland in 1749 and Sir Hugh Smithson succeeded to the title in 1750 through his wife, taking to himself the name of Percy. He was cr. duke of Northumberland in 1766 through the influence of Chatham. He died 1786.

p. 97. *his grandson.* Hugh Percy, 3rd duke of Northumberland (1785–1847). Ambassador-extraordinary at the coronation of Charles X in Paris in 1825, bearing the whole cost of the mission himself. His ostentation on this expedition is noticed in *The Times* of 25th May, 1825, which led to a report being circulated in France that he was the brother of George IV.

p. 98. *Sykes and Rumbolds.* Both families made their fortunes as East India merchants. The former were raised to the baronetage in 1781, the latter in 1779.

p. 98. *Lady Caroline Keppel.* Aunt of Francis Russell, 5th duke of Bedford, 2nd surviving dau. of William Anne Keppel, 2nd earl of Albemarle, who married in 1762 Robert Adair, serjeant-surgeon to George III.

p. 99. *Lady Lucy Rachel Stanhope.* 3rd dau. of Charles (Stanhope), 3rd earl Stanhope, who eloped in 1796 with Thomas Taylor of Sevenoaks, the local apothecary. By the influence of Pitt, Taylor was made controller-general of customs. Cf. Gillray's satire, *Democratic Levelling; Alliance à la Française; or, the Union of the Coronet and the Clyster-pipe*, 1796.

p. 99. *Sir Richard Gammon.* Richard Gamon, 1st baronet (cr. 1795), 1748–1818. Sometime officer of Foot Guards; M.P. for Winchester. He m. *en second noces* Amelia, wid. of Major Thomas Ivie Cooke, and 2nd dau. of John (Murray), 3rd duke of Atholl. He was actually brother-in-law to three dukes, viz. the duke of Grafton, half-brother to Sir Richard's first wife; to the duke of Atholl, br. to his second wife; and to the duke of Chandos who m. his sister Anna Eliza Gamon, 1777, by whom she was mother of the duchess of Buckingham and Chandos.

p. 99. *Sir Lucas Pepeys.* Lucas Pepys (1742–1830), physician-extraordinary to the King; cr. baronet, 1784. He presided over the Army Medical Board which was broken up on the refusal of Pepys and his colleagues to go to Walcheren in 1809 to report on the expedition. M. Jane Elizabeth, *suo jure* countess of Rothes, only dau. of John (Leslie), earl of Rothes (1750–1810).

p. 99. *Sir Wm. Duncan.* William Duncan (1715–1774), physician in ordinary to George III; cr. bart. 1764; m. 1763 Mary, 1st dau. of Sackville Tufton, 3rd earl of Thanet, by Mary Savile, dau. of the marquess of Halifax.

p. 99. *Lord Melcombe.* George Bubb, afterwards Bubb-Dodington (1691–1762), 1st lord Melcombe (1761), son of Jeremiah Bubb "variously described as an Irish fortune-hunter and an apothecary of Weymouth or Carlisle." The notorious place-hunter.

p. 100. *Sylvester Douglas.* Sylvester Douglas, 1st baron Glenbervie (1743–1823), only surviving son of John Douglas of Fechil, Aberdeen, K.C. 1793, P.C. 1794. He held various governmental offices between 1795 and 1814. He m. Lord North's dau. Catherine Anne North. His diaries reveal him as a place-hunter of the most pushing disposition, but his advancement was thought to be rather due to his wife than to his own talents.

p. 100. *Glenbervie, Glenbervie.* Sheridan's pasquinade. "An admirable new Ballad which goes exceedingly well to the tune of

Mrs Arne, Mrs Arne
It gives me concarn, etc."

Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot.
In your arms rather quarter
A pestel and mortar
And your crest be a spruce gallipot.

Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
The world's topsy-turvy—
Of this truth you're the fittest attester;
For who can deny
That the low become high
When the king makes a lord of Silvester.

At the dispersal of the Beckford library in 1882, a copy of Glenbervie's translation of *Ricciardetto* was sold. Beneath the portrait of the translator was written in Beckford's hand:

"Should to his share the pill and bolus fall,
Look in his face, and you'll believe it all."

p. 101. *Stephenses.* ? The singers, one of whom, Catherine, m. in 1838 George Capell Coningsby, 5th earl of Essex.

p. 102. *Dr. Graham.* James Graham (1754–1794), quack doctor. He opened his famous Temple of Health and Hymen in London in 1779 and was the fashionable quack of the period. The "celestial bed" promiscd relief from sterility to those who slept in it. Emma Lyon, later Lady Hamilton, is said to have been exhibited here as the goddess of Health.

p. 104. *Baroness Howe.* Sophia Charlotte, *suo jure* baroness Howe of Langar (1762–1835), dau. of Richard, baron Howe, the admiral, "Black Dick," the victor of the "glorious first of June."

p. 104. *Phipps.* Jonathan Wathen Walter Phipps (1769–1853), groom of the bedchamber to George IV, who assumed the name of Waller in 1814 and was cr. baronet in 1815. He m. 1812 baroness Howe.

Thomas Waller of South Lambeth
|
Anne = (1st), John Allen; (2nd), Jonathan Wathen
|
Mary = Joshua Phipps of Walthamstow
|
Jonathan Wathen Phipps = (1) Eliz. Stuart, 1793 (2) baroness Howe, 1812
Mary = T. Blunt of Chelsea

p. 104. *Sidmouth.* Henry Addington (1757–1844), 1st viscount Sidmouth, statesman, was the son of Anthony Addington, M.D. of Twyford (1713–1790), Chatham's doctor.

p. 104. *Countess of Westmoreland.* Jane, 2nd wife of John, 10th earl of Westmorland, dau. of Richard Huck-Saunders, M.D. (formerly Huck).

p. 105. *Omfredavi.* Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829), the famous natural philosopher.

p. 107. *Countess of Rothes.* Henrietta Anne, *suo jure* countess of Rothes (1790–1819), 1st dau. of George William (Evelyn-Leslie), 11th earl of Rothes. In Barker's *Vicissitudes of Families*, she is said to have married in 1806 Gwyther, a young gardener, and that she made a most excellent, industrious, frugal gardener's wife during many long years. She succeeded to the earldom in 1817.

p. 108. *Dr. Kitchiner.* William Kitchiner, M.D. (1775–1827), miscellaneous writer and gastronome; author, among other volumes, of *Apicius Redivivus*; or, *The Cook's Oracle*, 1817, and *Peptic Precepts*, 1821.

p. 109. *Mrs Coutts.* Susan, wife of Thomas Coutts, of the Strand, banker, dau. of — Starkie, who according to G. E. C. *Peerage* was the servant of her husband's brother. Her daughters were (1) Susan, m. 1796 George Augustus (North), 3rd earl of Guildford; who received a sight draft for £150,000 from his father-in-law on his wedding day; (2) Frances, m. 1800 John (Stuart), 4th earl of Bute, who was cr. marquess in 1796; (3) Sophia, m. 1893, Sir Francis Burdett, bt.

p. 109. *Alice Sparkes.* Sir Thomas Egerton, later Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and viscount Brackley, b. 1540, the illegitimate son of Sir Ralph Egerton of Ridley by Alice Spark.

p. 109. *Viscountess Irvine.* Miss Frances Gibson, commonly called Shepheard, who m. in 1758 Charles (Ingram), 9th viscount Irvine, and by whom she had five daughters, of whom the eldest, Isabella Anne, m. 1776 Francis (Seymour-Conway), 2nd marquess of Hertford, and the 2nd, Frances, m. 1781 Lord William Gordon, 2nd son of Cosmo George (Gordon), 3rd duke of Gordon.

p. 110. *Lady Jane Murray.* (1764–1846.) 3rd dau. of John (Murray), 3rd duke of Atholl, m. 1785 John Grosset Muirhead, who died in 1836.

p. 110. *Miss Gordon.* Margaret Hamilton-Gordon, 4th dau. of Alexander (Gordon), Lord Rockville, who m. 1802 Sir Coutts Trotter, cr. baronet, 1821.

p. 110. *Miss Hamilton.* Jane Hamilton, 2nd dau. of Rev. Frederick Hamilton, m. 1798 George Holman (1764–1817), the player. She d. in 1810, he in 1817 two days after his second marriage at Long Island of yellow fever.

p. 110. *Lady Georgiana Walpole.* Georgiana Mary Walpole (not Lady), 6th dau. of Horatio, 2nd earl of Orford, who m. 1827 Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D. (1795–1862), the son of a Jewish rabbi of Weilersbach, near Forchheim, who later turned Christian and became a member of the Church of England. His adventurous career as a missionary from Egypt and the Crimea as far east as Kabul and British India is well known.

p. 110. *Lady Hester Stanhope.* Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope (1776–1839), the famous niece of William Pitt, who withdrew to Palestine. See Meryon's *Travels of Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope*, and Lytton Strachey's *Books and Characters.* I am unable to identify ***. It cannot have been Granville Leveson Gower, 1st baron Granville, whose name had been linked with Lady Hester's some fifteen years before this gibe was penned, since he was by this time married.

p. 111. *Abercorn.* This passage is marked in the original, "rd. to Mrs Bell Friday, 8 Feb. 1833," "rd. to Mrs Gore, 31 March 1841," "rd. to W. Ainsworth, Monday 17 May 1841."

p. 111. *the late imperious Marquess of Abercorn's mother.* John James Hamilton, 9th earl and 1st marquess of Abercorn, b. 1755, was the posthumous son of John Hamilton, 2nd son of the 7th earl of Abercorn, who m. 1749 Harriot, natural dau. of James Craggs (1628–1721), Secretary of State, and widow of John Eliot. He succeeded his uncle the 8th earl in 1789. I am unable to state Beckford's grounds for alleging Harriot to have been the dau. of Mrs Anne Bracegirdle. There is no contemporary evidence to this effect; in fact the famous actress is generally held to have been completely virtuous.

p. 111. *the too seductive Enchantress.* Amy Lyon, otherwise Emma Hart (1761–1815), the famous Lady Hamilton. The popular legends relating to her power over the queen of Naples, to which Beckford refers, are to be considerably discounted.

p. 111. *cast off mistress of his own nephew.* She had been the mistress of Charles Greville, Sir William Hamilton's nephew.

p. 111. *a ruthless Queen's atrocities.* The execution of Carracciolo, 1799.

p. 112. *The newly acknowledged Earl of Devon.* Edward Courtenay, 11th earl of Devon, b. 1526, *o.s.p.* 1556 and on his death the title was considered extinct. It lay dormant until 1831 when William, viscount Courtenay, moved by his cousin and heir, William Courtenay, Clerk assistant of the Parliament, to lay claim to the earldom. Brougham who was a friend to the latter threw all his weight on to the side of the claimant and viscount Courtenay was declared 19th earl of Devon, 14 May 1831, a decision which appears to have astounded all the lawyers. The 19th earl is, of course, that William Courtenay, whose name was linked with Beckford's in the scandal of 1784. He fled the country rather than face a charge of sodomy in 1811, and never returned to England. His life for the previous twenty years had been notorious. Beckford in 1790 writes of him as "un bardache...il se pare comme une poupee et se fard comme un p...."

p. 112. *Fanny Clack.* William, 19th earl of Devon, was the only son of William, viscount Courtenay, and *de jure* 18th earl of Devon, and Frances, dau. of Thomas Clack, publican, of Wallingford, who d. 1782. George Selwyn writes: "The death of Lady C. is an irreparable loss to I do not know how many daughters she has left behind her; she was, I am told, the most

valuable parent that ever was." She had twelve daughters, eleven of whom married, among the husbands being Lord Charles Somerset, Lord Lisburne, Lord Carteret, Lord Mountnorris and Lord Edward Somerset.

p. 112. *Melonia.* Harriet Mellon (? 1777–1837), actress. She was for many years the intimate of Thomas Coutts, the banker, whom she espoused in his eightieth year in 1815. Coutts d. 1822, and in 1827 his widow m. William Aubrey de Vere, 9th duke of St Albans.

p. 112. *Countess of Derby.* Elizabeth Farren (1759–1829), actress. She played at the Haymarket and Drury Lane between 1777 and 1797, in which year she left the stage to m. William (Craven), 7th baron and 1st earl of Craven.

p. 113. *Maria Foote.* (? 1797–1867), actress. In 1815 she became the mistress of Col. Berkeley by whom she had two children. Subsequently she brought a breach of promise action against Haynes and was awarded £3000 damages, a case which gained considerable notoriety at the time. She remained on the stage until 1831, when she married Charles Stanhope, 4th earl of Harrington.

p. 113. *Mary Cole.* Frederick Augustus (Berkeley), 5th earl of Berkeley (1745–1810), m. 1796 Mary, dau. of William Cole, publican and butcher, of Wotton, Glos. He later declared that a previous marriage had been celebrated at Berkeley in 1785. The eldest son William was b. 1786 and from 1796 onward was styled viscount Dursley. He claimed the earldom on his father's death, but the Lords' committee held the 1785 marriage not proven. It was scarcely doubted that the entry in the Berkeley parish registers was forged by the late earl and his wife. The House of Lords declared the peerage dignities held by the 5th earl to be dormant, not to be assumed for 72 and not established for 81 years after his death. (See *Annual Register*, 1844, pp. 278–279.)

p. 113. *his entertaining quarto.* Of London, 4to, 1790, by Thomas Pennant.

p. 114. *White Conduit House.* A place of resort well known for its tea-gardens and cricket matches, a little west of the famous Angel.

p. 114. *young man called Canning.* George Canning, eldest son of Stratford Canning of Garvagh, co. Londonderry, and father of the statesman. He is believed to have been disinherited by his father on account of some early attachment. He came to London in 1757, was called to the Bar, and practised

journalism. In 1768 he married Mary Anne Costello, a lady of great beauty but no fortune, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. George Canning d. 1771, and his widow, in order to support herself, went on the stage. She subsequently m. twice; first a Mr Redditch, an actor, and on his death, a Mr Hunn, a linen draper of Plymouth.

p. 115. *The Marquess of Clanricarde.* Harriet, dau. of George Canning, the statesman, m. Ulick (de Burgh), 1st marquess of Clanricarde. The earls of Clanricarde descend from Hubert de Burgh, Justiciar to Henry II.

p. 115. *What a treasure of charms, &c.* This passage is marked "Rd to Mr. Beltz, Friday 8th Mar. 1833 and to Mrs Gore, 31 March, 1841. And to W. Winkworth, Monday, 17th May, 1841."

p. 115. *Lord W. Lennox.* Lord William Pitt Lennox (1799–1881), 4th son of Charles (Lennox), 4th duke of Richmond, attaché in Paris in 1814 and aide-de-camp to the duke of Wellington, 1815–1818, member for King's Lynn, 1832–4. He was a devotee of the turf and also wrote a number of novels and contributed to many papers. In 1824 he m. Mary Ann Paton (1802–1864), dau. of an Edinburgh writing master, the well known vocalist. She continued to sing after her marriage, creating the parts of *Agatha* in *Der Freischütz* and *Rezia* in *Oberon.* She divorced Lord William in 1831 and m. Joseph Woods, the tenor. She appears to have had mental gifts in excess of those with which singers are usually endowed.

p. 115. *the elder hope of the Thynne family.* Thomas Thynne, styled viscount Weymouth (1796–1837), 1st son and h. ap. of 2nd marquess of Bath, who m. in 1820 Harriet Matilda, dau. of Thomas Robbins. He predeceased his father in 1827. His widow m. Count Inghirami.

p. 116. *Mr. Mellish.* See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1834, i. p. 339. *Deaths.* "Jan. 27. In Dover-St. William Mellish esq. This respected gentleman, it is supposed, has left property amounting to nearly three millions sterling, acquired chiefly by contracts for provisioning the navy during the war; and also in extensive business as a shipowner. . . . His fortune devolves on his two daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, was married July 8th, 1830, to Lord Edward Thynne, fifth son of the Marquis of Bath; and the younger [Margaret Lauretta] has, since her father's death (Feb. 22nd), been married to the Earl of Glengall. . . . His remains are interred at Wapping, where lie those of his father, mother and his brother, the late Peter Mellish esq."

p. 116. *Lord Edward Thynne.* 6th son of the 2nd marquess of Bath (1807–1884), m. 1830 Elizabeth Mellish, who d. 1849.

p. 117. *the Earl of Glengall.* Richard (Butler), 2nd earl of Glengall, viscount Caher and baron Caher in the peerage of Ireland (1794–1858). M. 1834 Margaret Lauretta Mellish. D. *s.p.m.,* whereupon the earldom became extinct. His widow d. 1864.

p. 117. *Mountcashel.* Stephen (Moore), earl Mountcashel (1792–1883), m. 1819 Anna Maria, dau. of Samuel Wyss of Berne.

p. 117. *Quin.* James Quin (1693–1766), the player, Garrick's great rival.

p. 119. *12th Duke.* Actually 11th, Edward Adolphus (Seymour) (1775–1855), m. Charlotte, 2nd dau. of 9th duke of Hamilton.

p. 119. *disgraced and disinherited.* Edward (Seymour) (? 1506–1552), earl of Hertford and 1st duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, m. about 1527 Catherine, dau. of Sir William Fillol of Horton, Dorset. He divorced her in 1532 in consequence of her adultery with her father-in-law, Sir John Seymour (1476–1536), thus bastardising his two sons, John, who accompanied his father to the Tower in 1552, where he died, and Edward, who was knighted after the battle of Pinkie and was restored in blood by act. (See Courthope, *Peerage,* 249.)

p. 119. *Hoare.* Sir Richard Colt Hoare (1758–1838) of Stourhead, Wiltshire, of which county he is the historian; a prolific writer on antiquarian and topographical subjects.

p. 120. *Seymour or St Maur.* The Seymours claim descent from a follower of William I from St. Maur-sur-Loire, and from William de St. Maur (fl. 1240) of Penhow and Woundy in Monmouthshire.

p. 120. *Henry Seymour.* 1st son of Francis Seymour (2nd son of Sir Edward Seymour, bt. and brother of Edward (Seymour), 9th duke of Somerset), m. Jane, dau. of — Hopkinson, esq.

p. 121. *Marquess of Hertford.* Francis Charles (Seymour-Conway), 3rd marquess of Hertford, m. 1798 Maria Fagnani (d. 1856), dau. of the Marchesa Fagnani and adopted dau. (Mimi) of George Selwyn. Creevey says that she was probably the dau. of the marquess of Queensberry ("old Q.").

p. 121. *Webbs and Bonnels.* Edward (Seymour), 8th duke of Somerset, m. 1716 Mary, dau. of Daniel Webb of Monkton Farley, Wilts. Webb (Seymour), 10th duke of Somerset, m.

Anna Maria, dau. of John Bonnell of Stanton Harcourt, Oxon., son of Andrew Bonnell, a merchant of London, who bought the manor of Aswick, Lincs, 1689.

p. 122. *his eldest son.* Edward Adolphus (Seymour), 12th duke of Somerset (1804–1885), m. 1829 Jane Georgiana, 3rd dau. of Thomas, only son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Colonial Treasurer at the Cape of Good Hope. She was the youngest of the three beautiful Miss Sheridans.

p. 122. *Honble. C. Irby.* I.e. Capt. Hon. Frederick-Paul Irby, R.N. (1779–1844), 2nd son of Frederick (Irby), 2nd baron Boston, Admiral of the Red, m. 1816 (his second wife) Frances, 2nd dau. of Ichabod Wright of Mapperley Hall, Notts. She d. 1852.

p. 123. *the heir of the Earl of Harewood.* Edward, styled viscount Lascelles, 1st son and h. ap. of Henry (Lascelles), 2nd earl of Harewood. "He is said to have m. in 1821 Louisa Rowley, spinster" (G. E. C.). Predeceased his father (who d. 1841) in 1839.

p. 124. *the Rt. Hon. Charles Manners Sutton grandson.* Should be great grandson. His father Charles, the archbishop of Canterbury, was the grandson of the 3rd duke of Rutland. Beckford's reference is to the 1st viscount Canterbury (1780–1845), the Speaker of the House of Commons, and to his second marriage in 1828 to Ellen, widow of John Home-Purves of Purves, N.B., a dau. of Edmund Power of Curragheen, co. Waterford. His previous marriage had been (1811) to Lucy Maria Charlotte, 1st dau. of John Denison of Ossington, Notts, who d. 1815.

p. 125. *Countess of Blessington.* The famous wit, beauty and leader of fashion, Margaret, 2nd dau. of Edmund Power and widow of Maurice St. Leger Farmer, to whom she was m. in her 15th year and who d. by falling out of a window in the King's Bench Prison when drunk in 1817. She m. in 1818 Charles John (Gardiner), viscount Mountjoy and earl of Blessington, who d. in 1829. She was the intimate associate of Count d'Orsay to whom she m. her step-dau. in 1827, but who separated from him a few weeks after marriage.

p. 125. *Luke Gardiner.* Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner, vice-treasurer of Ireland, 2nd son of William Stewart (Gardiner), 1st viscount Mountjoy (cr. 1683).

p. 125. *Lord Radnor.* Jacob (Pleydell-Bouverie), 2nd earl of Radnor of the 2nd creation (1750–1828). The Des Bouveries were Turkey merchants of vast wealth. A baronetcy was

conferred on William des Bouverie in 1714. The 3rd bart. Jacob des Bouverie, afterwards Bouverie, was cr. viscount Folkestone in 1747. Horace Walpole says that the countess of Yarmouth (i.e. Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, one of the German mistresses of George II) "touched £12000 for Sir Jacob's coronet," and that another of the King's German importations, the duchess of Kendal, received an equal sum. In 1765 William, 1st son of 1st viscount Folkestone, was cr. baron Pleydell-Bouverie of Coleshill and earl of Radnor.

p. 127. *The De Courcys.* The barony of Kinsale or Kingsale, the second of the three most ancient Irish baronies. The creation dates from the elevation by Henry III in 1223 of Miles de Courcy, the son of John de Courcy the younger, who was probably an illegitimate son of John de Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster.

p. 127. *to put on his hat in the presence of the King.* A reference to the alleged "De Courcy privilege" of wearing a hat in the King's presence. It was first assumed by Almericus, 23rd baron (1669–1720), before William III and was carried on by his successors before George I, II, and III. G. E. C. states that there is no good ground for the privilege having been granted, as alleged, by King John. George Montagu writing in 1762 says of John Lord Kingsale: "our peers need not fear his assuming the privilege of being covered, for, until the King gives him a pension, he cannot afford the offensive hat." The 26th baron, to whom Beckford refers, made much ostentation of not wearing his hat in the presence of George IV. The ceremony is last reported in 1859 as being carried out by the 29th baron in the presence of Queen Victoria, who, happily for the performer, did not notice it.

p. 127. *Granvilles.* The Granvilles claimed descent in the direct line from the famous Dentatus, earl of Corboil and lord of Thorigny and Granville in Normandy, whereby they claimed descent from the youngest son of Rollo, duke of Normandy. The G. E. C. states that there is no ground for these assertions.

p. 128. *Marchioness of Exeter.* Henry (Cecil), 10th earl of Exeter (1754–1804), cr. marquess of Exeter, 1801, m. (i) 1776 Emma Vernon, who eloped with the Rev. William Sneyd in 1789 and whom he divorced in 1791. In the same year, having previously (1790) gone through an illegal and bigamous marriage with her by licence under the name of John Jones, he m. (ii) Sarah, dau. of Thomas Hoggins of Bolas Magna, Salop. She d. in childbirth at the age of 23 in 1797. She was known as "the peasant countess" (cf. Tennyson's *Lord of Burleigh.* The

whole story is given in G. E. C. *Peerage*, 1921, vol. v, 222). He m. (iii) 1800 Elizabeth Anne, divorced wife of the 8th duke of Hamilton.

p. 129. *Miss Poyntz.* Brownlow (Cecil), 3rd marquess of Exeter, m. Isabella, 3rd dau. of William Stephen Poyntz, granddau. of Anthony, 7th viscount Montagu.

p. 129. *Bute.* This passage is marked in the original "read to the Smiths, 23rd Feb. 1840."

p. 129. *the late Marquess of Bute.* John (Stuart), 1st marquess (cr. 1796), b. 1744, eldest son of John, 3rd earl of Bute, m. 1766 Charlotte Jane, 1st dau. and co-heir of viscount Windsor, thereby acquiring valuable estates in South Wales. He m. (ii) in 1800 Frances, 2nd dau. and co-heir of Thomas Coutts, the banker. He d. 1814.

p. 130. *not strictly orthodox.* This line of Stuarts is descended from John Stuart, a bastard son of Robert II of Scotland, who about 1385 erected the islands of Bute, Arran, etc. into a county, conferring on his son the office of Hereditary Sheriff.

p. 130. *the third earl of Bute.* John (Stuart), 3rd earl of Bute (1713–1792), the friend and favourite of Frederick, Prince of Wales. On the latter's death, Bute was appointed Groom of the Stole to the widowed princess and aided her in the political education of her son, later George III. He was prime minister, 1762–3.

p. 131. *Lord Dudley Coutts.* I.e. Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart (1803–1854), the champion of Polish liberty, who m. in 1824 Christina Alexandrina Egypta, dau. of Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Canino.

p. 132. *Viscount Beresford and his brother, Sir John Poo Beresford.* William Carr Beresford, cr. 1814 baron Beresford of Albuera and (1823) viscount Beresford of Beresford, and Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, both illegitimate sons of George de la Poer (Beresford), 1st marquess of Waterford. Creevey states that their mother was unknown but that they were believed, from the affection she always showed to them, to have been Lady Waterford's children before her marriage.

p. 133. *Queensberry.* James (Douglas), 2nd duke of Queensberry (1662–1711), the engineer of the union with Scotland 1706, the first Scotsman who went over to the Prince of Orange, "and thence acquired the epithet among honest men of Proto-Rebel."

p. 133. *bastard of the 2d Earl of Douglas.* James (Douglas), 2nd earl of Douglas (1358–1388), sometimes styled earl of

Mar, who was slain at Otterburn (Chevy Chase). He left two illegitimate sons, one of whom, William Douglas, was the progenitor of the house of Queensberry.

p. 133. *Herberts.* Sir William Herbert, chief justice and chancellor of South Wales, son of Sir William Ap Thomas, cr. 1468 earl of Pembroke. The title eventually devolved upon his granddau. Elizabeth, *suo jure* baroness Herbert, who m. 1492 Sir Charles Somerset, cr. 1506 by patent baron Herbert of Ragland, and in 1513 earl of Worcester. He was the bastard son of Henry (Beaufort), 3rd duke of Somerset, and descended from John Beaufort, the eldest of John of Gaunt's sons by Katherine Swinford. The title of Pembroke is held by the Herberts who descend from Richard Herbert, a bastard son of William, 1st earl of Pembroke and grandfather of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The Powis title is that taken by baron Herbert of Cherbury, cr. 1748 baron Powis, also a descendant of Richard Herbert, as are also the Carnarvon Herberts.

p. 134. *spurious descent.* John Byron, cr. 1643 baron Byron of Rochdale, was the grandson of John Byron of Newstead who was one of the pre-wedlock children of Sir John Byron of Clayton, co. Lancaster.

p. 135. *Lord Dungarvan.* Charles Boyle, styled viscount Dungarvan (1728–1759), eldest son of John (Boyle), 6th earl of Cork, who survived him. He married, 1753, Susanna, dau. and co-heir of Henry Hoare of Stourhead, banker. The marriage was a failure. After her husband's death, his widow married Thomas (Brudenell-Bruce), 1st earl of Ailesbury.

p. 136. *the Baronet.* I.e. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, bt. q.v., supra, p. 159.

p. 136. *Baroness Berwick.* Sophia, dau. of John James Dubochet, while still a minor, m. 1812 Thomas Noel (Hill), 2nd baron Berwick of Altingham (1770–1832). She died 1875, aged 81. She was the sister of Harriette Wilson (fl. 1810–1825), the author of the notorious *Amorous Adventures of Harriette Wilson,* the successive mistress of Lord Craven, the Hon. Frederick Lamb and the duke of Argyll. The reference to Mr Stockdale is to John Joseph Stockdale, the publisher of these memoirs, 1828, of which thirty editions were issued in a year.

p. 137. *Hamilton Charles James Hamilton.* (1779–1856.) The eldest son of Charles Powell Hamilton, second son of Lord Anne Hamilton, who was 3rd son of James (Hamilton), 4th duke of Hamilton. His father m. 1777 Lucretia, dau. of George Augustus Prosser.

p. 137. *often styled the Doctor.* I.e. Henry (Addington), viscount Sidmouth. Cf. *The Creevey Papers*, where he is also referred to as "the Apothecary"—vol. 1, p. 14: "such pitiful, squirting politicians as this cursed Apothecary and his family and friends." "Saint" refers to one of the caves of the Whig party about 1805 which went by this name.

p. 137. *the daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.* Margaret, 2nd dau. of Francis (Charteris), styled 8th earl of Wemyss, who m. 1824 Col. John Wildman. The succession to the peerage was forfeited by attainder of 6th earl for his participation in the '45. The Wildmans, Thomas and Henry, were Beckford's solicitors and agents for many years, Thomas, in particular, being his client's social and spiritual adviser. He died in 1795, but Beckford continued to employ the firm until 1801 or 1802, when owing to the Wildmans' failure to take the proper steps in relation to his property in Jamaica, he was deprived of the title to two prosperous estates in the island, whereupon he dismissed them. Though the Beckford Papers are extremely obscure with regard to the whole of this transaction, there is every reason to believe that the courteous and affectionate Mr Thomas Wildman and his brother had considerably enriched themselves at their client's expense.

p. 141. *Lady Charlotte Boyd Hay.* Eldest dau. of James, earl of Errol, by Isabella, dau. of Sir William Carr of Etal. On the death of her grandfather (1798) the estate became her property and she obtained royal authority for herself, her husband and her male issue to take the name and arms of Carr. She m. 1797 William Holwell (1758–1830), art connoisseur, son of Edward Holwell, apothecary of Exeter.

p. 141. *Lady Mary Somerset.* Lady Mary Octavia, 3rd dau. of Henry Charles (Somerset), 6th duke of Beaufort, m. Sir Walter Rockliffe Farquhar, bt. (1810–1900), banker, grandson of Walter Farquhar, M.D., physician to the Prince of Wales, who was cr. baronet, 1796.

p. 141. *Lord Chief Justice Denman's father.* Thomas Denman was the son of John Denman, apothecary of Bakewell and eventually one of the court physicians. His son Thomas (1779–1854), afterwards Lord Denman, solicitor-general to Caroline of Brunswick, and later lord chief justice. Lord Denman's sisters m. one Dr. Matthew Baillie, the morbid anatomist, the other Sir Richard Croft, M.D., the accoucheur.

p. 142. *Countess of Morley.* 2nd wife of John (Parker), earl of Morley, cr. 1815 in payment for his support of the Tory government. He m. (i) Augusta Fane, dau. of the earl of

Westmorland, whom he divorced in 1809 in an action for *crim. con.* with Sir Arthur Paget; (ii) 1809 Frances, dau. of Thomas Talbot of Gonville, co. Norfolk.

p. 143. *M. Smithson.* See above, p. 151.

p. 143. *Pierre Burrell.* Peter Burrell, Commissioner of Excise whose son became 1st baron Gwydir and three of whose four daus. married into the peerage.

p. 143. *Albinia Bertie.* 2nd dau. of Peregrine (Bertie), 2nd duke of Ancaster, m. 1744 Francis Beckford, a younger bro. of the Lord Mayor, and the author's uncle.

p. 143. *ce duc d'Ancaster.* Peregrine (Bertie), 3rd duke of Ancaster (1714–1778), m. 1750, as second wife, Mary, dau. of Thomas Panton of Newmarket, Master of the King's running horses. She brought her husband a dowry of £60,000. Beckford is quoting Horace Walpole's baseless reference to her as "the natural daughter of Panton, a disreputable horse jockey."

p. 144. *M. Hamilton.* Hon. John Hamilton, bro. of James, 1st viscount Hamilton. He was the second husband of Harriet, natural dau. of James Craggs, Secretary of State (1686–1721). Her only child by this marriage was cr. marquis of Abercorn.

p. 144. *Milord Strathavon.* George (Gordon), 5th earl of Aboyne (whose sister Lady Margaret Gordon m. Beckford in 1783) and later 9th marquess of Huntley (1761–1853), m. 1791 Catherine Anne, 2nd and youngest dau. of Sir Charles Cope, bt. of Brewerne. Her mother married secondly (1782) Charles Jenkinson, cr. 1786 baron Hawkesbury and, 1796, earl of Liverpool, nicknamed "the King's secret adviser."

p. 144. *Le Duc d'Hamilton.* James (Hamilton), 6th duke of Hamilton (1724–1758), m. Elizabeth, 2nd dau. of John Gunning of Castle Coote, co. Roscommon. She was a celebrated beauty.

p. 144. *Betty Burrell.* M. 1788 Douglas (Hamilton), 8th duke of Hamilton, and was divorced by Act of Parliament 1794. She subsequently m. Henry (Cecil), 1st marquéss of Exeter. See p. 161, supra. She was the sister of the 1st baron Gwydir.

p. 144. *Cromwell, comte d'Essex.* I.e. Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII's vicar-general, only son of Walter Cromwell, otherwise Smyth of Putney, fuller and cloth shearer.

p. 144. *Les Ducs de Leeds.* Thomas (Osborne), 1st duke of Leeds, grandson of Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor of London. Beckford has the story wrong. The future Lord Mayor as an apprentice saved the child of Hewitt his master from falling into the Thames and later married her.

Editor's Notes

p. 144. *Les Hollès.* John Holles who took the earldom of Clare, 1591, was great-grandson of Sir William Holles, Lord Mayor of London 1539–40. The dukedom of Newcastle was bestowed on John (Holles), 1st earl of Clare 1694, on the wholesale creation of dukes by William III. He died 1711, while his honours became extinct. The Clare (Suffolk) honours were part of the appanage of Edward IV.

p. 144. *Montaigu.* The title (now extinct) of viscount Montagu was taken by Sir Anthony Broune in 1554. The dukedom was created by William III among his 1694 elevations.

p. 145. *Bedford.* I.e. John Russell, cr. earl of Bedford by Edward VI, 1549, the notorious plunderer of monasteries and church lands.

p. 145. *le juif, Samson Gideon.* Son of a Portuguese Jewish stockbroker; he took by royal licence the name of Eardley and was cr. baron Eardley, 1789.

p. 145. *Milton.* I.e. Milltown. Joseph Leeson, the son of a Dublin brewer, cr. 1756, baron of Russborough and, 1763, earl of Milltown.

p. 145. *Altamont.* John Browne of Westport, co. Mayo, cr. earl of Altamont, 1771, from whom the Sligo marquess descends.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, M.A., AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Another Beckford work
Edited by Guy Chapman

VATHEK
WITH THE EPISODES

In TWO VOLUMES with ILLUSTRATIONS

The Observer: "A beautiful edition of one of the famous curiosities of literature....Only now can Vathek be judged fairly. Read here in full, it justifies the fine edition that Mr Chapman and Constables have given to it."

New Statesman: "A masterpiece of English literature written in French prose....A beautiful book."

Times Literary Supplement: "The most famous book of one of the most remarkable of the whole company of English eccentrics has now at last been published in the form which he desired."

Life and Letters: "Remarkable alike for the care with which it has been edited and the skill with which it has been printed. Undoubtedly the best edition of Beckford's extraordinary tale, as it is also the most complete, for the long-lost Episodes have been incorporated into it for the first time."

Edition limited to one thousand copies

P T O

A third Beckford work
Edited by Guy Chapman

TRAVEL DIARIES

In TWO VOLUMES with ILLUSTRATIONS

SIR EDMUND GOSSE in the *Sunday Times:* "These travel-diaries have never before been properly edited, and they form a work which is an addition to any library of English classics.

"Beckford was a great writer of English prose, whose value is only now beginning to be appreciated."

Morning Post: "This is an admirable reprint of writings that express the personality of their author more vividly and variously than *Vathek.*

"The colour and music of his prose make these chronicles delightful reading, and they also prove the truth of Oliver Elton's critical comment that 'Beckford has a more accurate vision of foreign scenery than any English writer between Gray and Ruskin, Wordsworth not excluded.' This magnificent reprint has eleven plates in collotype."

Times Literary Supplement: "The present attractive edition, with its gothic backing and apt illustrations from J. R. Cozens, is one of the minor masterpieces of English travel literature."

Daily Telegraph: "The publication of these two handsome volumes is a literary event of the first importance. It only remains to add that Mr Guy Chapman's memoir is a little masterpiece of sympathetic interpretation and discriminating criticism."

Edition limited to one thousand copies

Date Due

JUN 25			
PRINTED IN U. S. A.			CAT. NO. 23233

a
79

PR 4091 .V5 1930
Beckford, William, 1760-1
The vision ; Liber veritatis /
010101 000
0 1999 0012840 6
TRENT UNIVERSITY

PR4091 .V5 1930

Beckford, William

The vision, Liber veritatis.

DATE | ISSUED TO

BECKFORD

26533